

因为我是一个

# 武器店的大叔

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lang="en">

# Because I'm a Weapon Shop Uncle - Chapter 01-19

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# Chapter 1: The Uncle and the Loli

## Chapter 1: The Uncle and the Loli

The moment I reincarnated into this world, I have been thinking of my designated role.

Please forgive my OCD.

I have a reason to believe that, since I'm in an old-fashioned setting whereby heroes set off to defeat the demon lord, roles must be defined very clearly, to the point where it's recognizable at first glance.

Regardless of the divisions within the demon race, they are all simply treated as villains.

Humans can also be easily categorized. For example, "Protagonists", "Side Characters", "Passer-bys", and etcetera. The protagonists can also be further divided into male leads, female leads, male 2, female 2... and more.

Over here, the protagonists, indisputably, are none other than the heroes. The young heroes bring along their companions on a journey, becoming stronger along the way, and finally defeating the evil demon lord with an extremely cool skill. Aaah, no matter which world it is, people will not get tired from this sort of scenario.

The so-called side characters, are people that have certain relations to the heroes. For example, a member of the hero's party.

As for passer-bys, they are people who have fateful encounters with the heroes. For example, a villager killed by villains.

But, ultimately, what am I!?

Zaifhe, 26-years-old, and I run a weapon shop.

Ever since I opened this shop, countless number of youths have bought weapons from my shop to defeat the demon lord. I address them as "Hero No.1", "Hero No. 2", and etcetera. This number, in just two years, have already went up to 575. The demon lord is still alive and kicking, and occasionally, he

would dispatch troops to harass the rear of our army camps.

Till now, I have yet to find out whether I had actually met the actual protagonist, and whether I can be considered as a passer-by role.

Because the place I resurrected to was something similar to a beginner village, hence, basically, not many demons would come over here.

Though, this kid was an exception.

“Big brother, this...”

A little girl, who was wearing a snow-white top hat, raised up a shining silver short sword.

Pale white skin, a cute face with a small amount of baby fat which only a little girl would have, and eyes deep red in color. If she were to take off her top hat, a small little horn could be seen growing out of her forehead. She wore a linen dress that’s really common in the village and a white apron. But, a little girl with this level of appearance, will always emit a beautiful brilliance that attract people’s attention, no matter what she wears.

If I were to use a word to sum it up, it would be immaculate. A pure white loli.

Ailan, was of the ghost race. Her age was about 10, and on a certain day, she appeared at the doorstep of my shop with body full of wounds. Although I have not even asked her about it till now, but I reckon that she stumbled into this place after breaking through the humans’ defensive border. Back then, I was really given quite a shock. I even thought this girl was about to die. When she woke up, I was worried that I might even get killed by her.

“I already told you to call me uncle, right? And a child shouldn’t fiddle around with swords.”

I used my right hand which was wearing a thick glove to gently take the sword from her hands.

“Yes, but big brother is evidently still quite young, you know.”

Because I was already quite old in my former world, though I did not say these words out loud. Hence, I took off Ailan’s hat and patted her head.

Like a little kitten, she closed her eyes as she giggled sillily.

“Today, I will clean with all my might as well!”

Following after what she said, I raised my head and looked around the shop. To tell the truth, the lighting in this small wooden house was not that good, and it's not really spacious either. A small house with about 60 square meters in size was divided into two, with the counter at the center. Two antique wooden racks were filled with weapons that were personally crafted by me. Long swords, short swords, double edged swords, battle axes, battle maces, long bows, crossbows, metal spears, tridents and etcetera. As long as it's a weapon you could think of, they were all on sale, and the best-selling types of weapons had different models to choose from as well.

The rack behind the counter contained works that I'm rather proud of, and the silver short sword earlier was one of them. Ailan's work consisted of cleaning the building, sweeping the floor, and dusting off the displayed weapons.

Incidentally, the long swords were the best-selling weapons. As I thought, heroes should definitely use swords as their main weapon. Knives sell pretty good as well, while I was not able to sell a single axe or spear for quite a long time. Probably because everyone thought that they were not cool enough, though I did put quite some work in them.

“Aiyo, so this is the place that sells weapons? You guys come in as well, and look around for any good weapons!”

Guests, huh.

While having this thought in mind, I raised my head and looked towards the shop entrance.

A well-dressed golden hair twerp, who was about 14 or 15 years old. An apparel made with the interweaving of deep red and white silk, which looked like the clothes nobles wear in the late middle ages. Following his yell, four boys who were about the same age as him walked in.

“Welcome. You can find every type of weapon here, and you're free to choose any one that you like.”

I was not really interested in an arrogant twerp, so I supported my head on the counter and doze off as usual.



“Hmph, uncle, do you know who I am?”

“No matter who you are, if you’re here in my shop, it means you’re my guest.”

“Guest? I’m a member of the Vergia noble household nearby. I’m different compared to those regular villagers.”

Villagers? Oooh, my current role designation is a villager, huh. But is a simple villager a passer-by? It doesn’t sound right either.

I who was currently deep in thoughts did not have the mood to continue talking to him.

After a while, I heard a clanging sound.

“Umm, please, please do not do that. It will damage the weapon...”

Ailan was a little afraid of people, so her voice was very soft.

I then realized that twerp was slashing two swords at each other. Because those two swords were among the mediocre products I made, I didn’t really mind. Since he’s a noble, it’s best to ignore him, and prevent getting into trouble. Hence, I planned to signal to Ailan not to meddle with him.

But Ailan kept staring at the swords, and suddenly shouted:

“Stop it! That’s something big brother made with his hard work, uh, I mean... it’s someone’s... blood and sweat...”

The golden hair youth raised his head and looked at Ailan, spit out some saliva, and peered straight into her eyes. Ailan fearfully lowered her head.

The youth snorted, and dropped the swords onto the floor.

“I, Durant Vergia, is someone who is going to be a hero! Such worn-out toys, are basically unworthy to be used by me!”

The little followers behind him broke into a cheer.

I was already at an age where I could be called an uncle, so I really did not wish to play with these immature brats.

“Then, I’m very sorry that there’s nothing here that fits you. Please find another shop.”

Giving the expulsion order, I shook my head at Ailan, hinting to her that there's no need to entertain the guests any longer.

"Wait a minute!"

The youth who called himself Durant rolled his eyes, and said to me:

"In any case, with such a small shop, you can probably only sell a little to a dozen weapons in a year, right? This young master here will reward you with his patronage. I'm a practitioner of my household's traditional Moon God Stream. Do you have a decent rapier for sale?"

He said audaciously, with his hands on his waist.

Ailan did not seem to have noticed my hint, and simply stood there blankly at the same spot. I casually picked out a decent rapier from behind me and threw it towards him.

Durant leapt towards it and easily grabbed it in his hands, as he then proceeded to practice a few moves with it.

"Un, with your standard of workmanship, it's a rather decent sword. It feels rather comfortable when I use it. How much does it cost?"

"5 silver."

Its cost seemed to be close to nothing to him. He threw a gold coin onto the counter, and said: "Give my subordinates a few of the swords I used earlier as well. There's no need for change."

In this country, a gold coin was equivalent to about 30 silver coins.

"Freely pick them out as you will. Thank you for your patronage."

I was not one of those people who were greedy for money, but there's no need to reject a large sum of money when it's right in front of me.

And right at this moment, Durant suddenly grabbed onto Ailan's hand.

"I must say, you shouldn't stay in this sort of place forever. Why don't you take a look outside for a change? My family has a lot of money, if you come with me, you will be able to change to a better set of clothes as well. Oh right, you will get to enjoy better food as well. You will definitely enjoy a better life than the one

here. How about it? Want to go on an adventure with us? The one who defeats the demon lord, will ultimately be me, the great Durant!”

“Wuu...”

She tried to escape his grasp, but to no avail.

Because I had warned Ailan not to use her ghostly powers here, she was currently at a loss of what to do.

Durant’s swordsmanship was genuine, I reckon he definitely had undergone appropriate training.

Having both power and status in this day and age, it’s natural he would be so arrogant in his ways.

Lecturing these sorts of kids, is also a work I must do as an adult.

“If you’re done buying your weapons, please hurry and leave. If you continue to trouble my employee, I will have a headache as well.”

“Shut up. Haven’t I given you the money? People of the lower class should be conscientious, and not do anything that’s beyond their level.”

“That’s right, that’s right! If you anger our big brother Durant, you will definitely suffer the consequences! Big brother Durant is a genius who could even easily take down a Grey Bear! A weak uncle like you, will be thoroughly beaten up in just a few moves!”

What’s with this villain-like speech? Are these people really heroes?

I have to reconsider whether I should call him Hero No. 576, huh.

I shook my head. Oh well, forget it.

Seeing that I wasn’t making any moves, Durant raised his hand towards Ailan’s face.

“Enough. Ailan, send our guests off.”

This sentence meant that Durant did not need to suppress her ghostly powers any longer.

I had thought it out well before I decided to do this. Ailan’s personality wasn’t bad, so she wouldn’t simply kill Durant. She was still wearing the top hat as well,

so even if she used her ghostly powers, a normal person wouldn't even think that such a delicate little girl was a ghost.

Sure enough, the teary-eyed Ailan grabbed onto Durant's arm, and easily threw him out of the shop's door.

Durant tumbled out of the entrance, and his body and clothes were stained with mud.

His subordinates were in a uproar.

A tip for you guys, if you see such a huge difference in abilities between you and your opponent, run. If it was me, I would have definitely ran.

But what a pity, Durant happened to be a stubborn child. The rapier unsheathed, he changed his angle of attack as he struck towards Ailan. His footwork was well-practiced as well. The silver rapier swirled at extreme speed, and dozens of silver light were drawn near his body. The area within of a radius of about a meter and a half, which was the length of his arm and the rapier combined, became his domain. Indeed, if we're factoring in battle experience, Ailan was at an overwhelming disadvantage.

"Ha, hahaha! In the face of big brother Durant's technique, you're so afraid that you can no longer move, right!? That's right, even an expert fencer will find it hard to parry this sword technique!"

This is so embarrassing! You actually have your subordinate explain your own techniques? Speaking of which, doesn't it have a name? For example, Meteor Breaking Slash, or something. No, no, that won't work, it's too chuunibyou-ish...

"It's basically impossible to dodge! This technique is something Durant learnt after gaining insights in the essence of his swordsmanship, the Meteor Breaking Slash!!"

It's really called the Meteor Breaking Slash!?

Making the effort with explaining this sort of things, it must have been really hard on you guys.

But indeed, currently, Ailan was being pushed back a step at a time, and she looked like she was about to cry, as she was at a loss of what to do.

In the end, she finally completely gave up, and cried as she ran over to me.

“Guuuuaaaaaa!! Big brother, help me—”

Really now, it’s basically the same as how we first met. Suddenly crying and running over to hug me.

That time, my clothes were completely stained with blood because of it.

I stretched my neck.

—- Baaaaang!!!

Well, I will just give you the floor for today.

Durant was thoroughly stupefied. His mouth was wide open, and his saliva spilled onto the floor.

This was inevitable, I guess. Earlier, he was still confidently executing his swordplay routine, but when he regained his senses, his face was already pressed onto the floor. The strength of the slam, coupled with the age of the wooden floor itself, caused the floor to shatter. If it was me, I would have been knocked unconscious from the impact as well.

“Wh-What happened just now!?”

“That uncle, he...”

“How is that possible...”

I once again grinded Durant’s face against the floor.

“Twerp, the way you act isn’t hero-like at all. I run a weapon shop, not a cultural site. No matter whether you’re a noble, or a regular civilian, in my shop, I call the shots.”

I flipped the gold coin I received earlier in the air, and the coin accurately fell and knocked onto his forehead.

I glanced at the rapier which was stabbed into the floor, and added another sentence.

“I take back my words, I’m not going to sell that weapon anymore. Scram.”

However, Durant seemed to have already fainted, so I directed his four

subordinates to carry him away.

Stepping in to deal with these immature brats wasn't an intention of mine. But, how should I put it? When I saw Ailan using her tender fingers to rub her teary eyes, I suddenly had the impulse.

Even though I'm not that young anymore.

In the end, I did not meet the hero today either.

**【Previous Chapter】**

## Chapter 2: The Uncle and the Hero no.576

Note: Ailan's name is now Elan, because I thought it matched the original better.

Translator: DokuHana

Editor: lorddarkraideath

### Chapter 2: The Uncle and the Hero no. 576

When it comes to winter, roasted sweet potatoes really are the best.

But given the dry weather, the house may catch on fire, so I can only give up.

However, success! Sweet potato cakes can be made at home. Given that this is a different world, different methods have to be used to create the paste-like sweets. Of course there was wheat flour used and a bit of honey for sweetness, though the unique taste came mainly from the sweet potatoes.

It was served with a small spoon to eat it.

There was already be a layer of snow outside, so the weather wasn't very good for customers.

Incidentally, from the start, the one responsible for cleaning the house, Elan, had continued to discreetly glance to the side. Of course I had prepared her portion, but it was really fun to tease her.

The next time she peeked over, I met her eyes.

Elan's face went red and her hands fiddled with the broom. Embarrassed, she was trying to avoid looking panicked.

"Your portion is in the cabinet, so when you are done cleaning, go eat."

She worked extremely hard to finish her work. Ah, she really was still a child.

Not long after...

"Sweet and delicious~"

Her two hands cupped her cheeks, her eyes shining brilliantly.

“That’s great.”

I gently stroked her hair. Because there were no customers today, I let Elan take off her hat. Her hair was bright silver and reached her jaw. It was very fluffy and smooth to touch. While I stroked her hair like a cat’s head (ED: awkward like me), Elan instinctively leaned close to me.

“He-hey brother, do you remember this time of the year last year?”

Elan, with her eyes closed, gently nuzzled me (TL:Hehe). I could feel the little horn on her forehead.

“Ah yeah, you were lying silently in front of my house; that really scared me too.”

“I wonder if anything will happen this year~”

Elan happily kicked her legs.

“Just eating white rice is good enough.”

“Elan, you have to work hard, no slacking off!”

Whenever I get mad, my speech tends to become more punctuated.

I sighed, and she waved her hand, brushing it off.

-Bang, bang, bang

Intermittent knocking sounded at the door.

There were still customers at this time? I motioned for Elan to put her hat back on.

Cautiously, I opened the door a crack.

Late at night, the ground was snowy, and the sky seemed to go on for miles.

A fifteen year old boy with an unkempt appearance, tattered clothes, frostbites full of pus, thin cheeks, and frail body, lay prostrate on the ground.

He lifted his head and looked at me with eyes like a wounded wolf.

He seemed helpless and fearful, but his face seemed to say that even death would not make him give up.



Interesting.

“Why don’t you come in,” I said.

I took him through the side door to the house. The house was divided into two parts: the home and the shop; the home side was significantly smaller, consisting of only a kitchen and a bathroom. A spread of blankets was usually the bed, located on floor of the shop.

I let him take a shower to wash up, gave him clean clothes, spread the bed, and had him sleep on my right side.

Elan usually slept on the left side. Of course, we used two sets of bedding. Even if we hadn’t, I wasn’t interested doing anything to little children.

“What is your name?” I asked, as I gave him medicine.

“Nord. Nord Bali Rio.”

“OK. I am the owner of this weapon shop, and that is my little buddy, Elan.”

Nord barely glanced at Elan and moved on.

To be honest, he was not truly interested in Elan; rather, his interests lay in the shop full of weapons.

He looked around as if he was trying to find the hidden treasure.

Nord didn’t seem to like talking. Well, that was fine. After all, silence was its own type of medicine as well. After a while, I used a bit of white bandage to wrap his wounds. I discovered that Nord is actually a very handsome child. If it weren’t for his emaciated body, he would be quite popular with the women.

After a while, Nord turned to me and said: “I have no money to give you.”

I shrugged.

“I didn’t save you for money.”

His eyes flickered.

“You are like my father. He also used to own a weapon shop.”

“What happened?”

Even though I knew it was not a good story, I thought that it was still better to

understand it.

“There was a huge fire. Everyone died; only I was able to escape.”

Nord’s whole body tightened.

I gently patted him on the back.

“That damn demon clan.”

At hearing the harsh words, Elan was shocked and shrank back, clutching my legs.

“Was it magic that started the fire?”

Nord nodded. I almost thought that Elan had been discovered.

“Can I see the swords you make?”

“Go ahead, although the quality may not be up to your father’s.”

In truth, I was being modest. Few people on the entire continent could match the quality of my forged weapons. However, even if I had the skills, I didn’t have the best materials.

“That black sword is better than what my dad makes.”

He pointed to the sword in the left corner behind the counter.

Hey, kid. Do you even know what’s good?

I gently took down the sword that he had pointed towards.

Nord solemnly took it with both hands. He immediately ran his thumb along the edge and watched the fresh red blood well up. However, Nord acted like nothing happened.

“The advection is very good. My father has made similar swords, but his skill cannot compete with your’s.”

He looked a little unhappy. This child probably considered his father’s casting level as the best in the world.

When he returned the sword, there was no trace of reluctance.

“I’m leaving tomorrow.”

He didn't meet my eyes, as if he didn't know whether he was saying it to himself or me.

"You're not staying any longer?"

Although I couldn't say I wanted him to stay, if he was going somewhere, I couldn't just not care. Almost as if he read my mind, he answered the unspoken question clearly.

"No, I want to bring down the devil."

"Really." I noncommittally replied.

I liked how he didn't repeatedly pronounce his determination. Unlike him, some youths would be infuriated at my attitude and raise their voice against me before rushing out in fury.

His determination wasn't only just talk.

The next day, we rose with the sunrise and the early birds.

"Are you leaving now?"

"Yes."

He paused for a moment then said, "I'm very sorry, but can you give these clothes to me?"

I nodded. Suddenly, he kneeled on the ground, setting his body down.

"Thank you very much."

I grunted, then turned and placed the black double-edged sword in front of him.

Nord gazed at it in disbelief, then looked at me, hesitating before finally saying, "I do not have money."

As I walked back towards the shop, Elan smiled cutely at me.

I pulled open the shop doors.

"I already said so; I don't want your money."

Shall we call him Hero no. 576? No, most of the others were ordinary. This child is much more interesting. Then, is he just Nord? What about the next one

then? Would he be Hero no. 576 or Hero no. 577? Ah, how troublesome.

I leaned against the doors, thinking of some irrelevant matters.

## Chapter 3: The Uncle and the Flower Shop Girl

Another chapter done! Enjoy!

Translator: DokuHana

Editor: lorddarkraideath

### Chapter 3: The Uncle and the Flower Shop Girl

Yesterday, I gained some insight on my designated role.

If you look at this world not as a manga, but as a game, I should be in the NPC role!

With this thought in mind, my position seems a lot more interesting.

“Welcome.”

“Thank you for your patronage.”

Actually, as an a NPC just saying these lines would be enough, so since yesterday, I’ve been practicing saying them mechanically.

“Keke-Wel-come.”

Talking robotically towards imaginary customers.

“All of our products here are-high- class-goods.”

Although its just pretend, I still feel like I’m saying my lines properly and doing quite well.

However, since this morning, Elan has been hiding behind the door and staring at me in horror.

Her small hand clutched the door frame while her small body trembled.

How hateful! A small child like you could never understand my great ideas!

But after all, this is the real world. These couple of lines would not be enough to entertain the customers. I guess it’s necessary to practice more mechanical sounds.

“Hey-you- if-you- are-n’t-buy- ing-some- thing-then- scram.”

No no no. If it's like this, even the character has changed!

Just as I was fretting, the door was opened.

“Good morning, Uncle Zai ”

A seventeen-year-old girl came in, wearing a white short skirt, a blue jacket, and cloth shoes. Although her face was not as cute as Elan's, her smile was warm and sunny. Her flaxen hair was in a high ponytail and draped across her shoulder and chest. Incidentally, her breast development was also very good. Among her peers, her chest would definitely be considered big.

This child's name was Li Sanai. She was apprenticed at the flower shop near my store.

“Welcome.”

I once again practiced my mechanical response to receive her, but Li Sanai responded with shock.

“Un-Uncle Zai? Are you okay?”

She screamed from the doorway.

Without warning, Elan rushed out from the back door and threw herself into Li Sanai's arms, crying. She buried her face in those mountains. (TL: If you don't understand, the author meant Li Sanai's breasts.) “Big brother, big brother's been possessed by something bad!”

“What? Then we need to have the exorcist come soon...”

“ ...”

Eventually, I ended up kneeling on the floor in apology.

Even though I don't like bowing my head, it couldn't be helped since Elan was crying. Besides, I did have to take some responsibility.

After finding out the truth, Elan hugged my head and sobbed, her tears falling into my hair. Indeed, I might have gone overboard. The best solution is to sincerely apologize.

I'm sorry little Elan! Forgive my OCD!

“I don't even know what to say. How old are you already? Still considering

those useless questions?”

Li Sanai stared at me with folded arms.

“By the way, what did you come here for today?”

I touched Elan’s head and asked her.

“Oh yeah,” Li Sanai laughed. This is a lot better. After all, she is more beautiful when she smiles. “Actually, Sister Ya went out, so I’m watching the shop all by myself...so...”

Wait a second, wait a second.

What kind of explanation is this?

Oh, oh it must be that. “There’s no one in the shop, so you wanted to *play*?” (TL: *play* is in English in the raw) So you can say, even though I didn’t realize it, I’m actually quite popular. With my sophisticated personality, I must be what girls consider a killer catch, right?

Wait, should I accept this kind of situation? After all, the other party is still a minor...

“So, can you help me take care of the flowers?”

“....Eh?”

“The flowers. There’s a particularly rare flower in the shop, but it seems to be sick...”

“Is this the right place to bring a flower problem to?”

I boosted myself up on the counter.

Li Sanai gave a sweet smile.

“It’s because Uncle Zai has a very profound knowledge.”

Finally, I left Elan in charge of the weapons shop and followed Li Sanai to the flower shop.

Elan looked very unhappy, but there’s no way she can go out. If word that Elan is a ghost gets out, she could be killed. In the best scenario, she would be driven out of the village.

She would be revealed if simply her hat was taken off.

Therefore, I must work hard to avoid letting her go outside.

Stopping in the shade, Li Sanai suddenly stopped and stared at me.

“Uncle Zai, don’t you think that Elan’s skin is too pale?”

“Ah, actually it’s always just like that...”

I couldn’t tell what Li Sanai was thinking from her face, so I could only go along with it.

If we were exposed, the first thing to do would be to escape from the village.

My gaze sharpened.

“Uncle Zai, you know the reason, don’t you?”

Finished, finished. We have certainty been seen through. This must be judgement. This is Li Sanai’s judgement on me!

What a scary woman, underneath the sunny smile, isn’t there another motive?

I was careless. However, I can’t think of where any mistakes were made. Is this a woman’s intuition? Or is it Li Sanai’s special ability?

What now? Should we escape?

I swallowed.

“Isn’t it this: Uncle Zai, you always keep Elan in the house. You have to occasionally let her go out and play like a normal girl. Flowers will only grow if they absorb sunlight!”

Li Sanai, with a straight-face, poked my chest.

But Elan is a flower of hell. Even without seeing the sun, it’s ok....

“Ah, ah ah, ah ha ha ha. You’re right, I will bring Elan outside more.”

That was dangerous—

All in all, it’s good that we didn’t have to escape from here.

After relaxing, I couldn’t help but be triumphant.

My disguise is still pretty good.



“Let me see...ah I see, this is leaf roll. These must be the damn Mozu insects, “Kun Bula”. This is the result of the adult female’s powder. Every day you should give it two hours of sunlight. Pound the linen leaves and grass root horseshoe into the soil. After two or three days, it will naturally be cured. Cut down the water given by 50%. Also, it’s best to spray some insect repellent. If you don’t have any, go to the pond and get some long-tongued frogs and place them near the plant and that is okay too. This type of frog is very gentle; it will not bounce around and harm the plant.”

Li Sanai, embarrassed, looked at me.

I ended up having to get the long-tongued frogs myself. The stupid frog stood motionless by the plant.

“Thank you Uncle Zai!”

“When Sister Ya comes back, tell her the purple flowers she entrusted to me last time have almost bloomed, so she can come and get it.”

“Wait, Uncle Zai, here.”

She handed me a pot of three or four blue flowers to take with me.

When I finished, I headed back. Elan was manning the shop alone after all, so I was a little worried.

“I’m back.”

“Welcome.”

She was using a strange tone, and her cheeks were also puffing out.

Is she angry?

I smiled, and placed the flowers in my hands into Elan’s hair.

Her expression immediately changed to one of content and happiness. Ah, she really is still a child.

Wait! Why do I feel like a man going home to see his wife after a tryst with his mistress, carefully soothing the wife, then letting out a sigh of relief?!

# Chapter 4: The Uncle and the Pet

Translator: DokuHana

Editor: Castera

## Chapter 4: The Uncle and the Pet

Life is full of twists and turns.

The closer you get to my age, the more unnecessary emotions you get.

This morning, when I was half awake and half dreaming, God appeared to me and asked: “Do you want to become a passer-by?”

I nodded my head enthusiastically, then fell asleep once again until I was called up by Elan.

If you think about it closely, God seemed to be saying, “Dream on” right?

What a prideful God.

Well, even without God, if all I do is watch the heroes, I will become a passer-by.

Therefore-

“Elan! Today we’re going to go buy a pet!”

“Wow~”

Suddenly, Elan’s face almost burst with happiness.

Shaking with happiness, her hands grabbed my sleeve.

She must have thought that I was doing this to fulfill her childish wish to have a pet, but in fact it was not. Sorry, little Elan, I have ulterior motives.

If I’m going to wait here for the hero to appear, I have to forget about the world from where I was reincarnated, and live a peaceful villager’s life.

According to my observations, most of the residents in this village here keep pets.

For example, kittens and puppies.

I've already gone through much contemplation. If I leave the Weapons shop to go to the Flower shop for a while, Elan will have a playmate. And if the situation arises, a large dog can also serve as a protector for her.

Because it's mainly for Elan, we'll buy it based on her preferences.

Well given that it's Elan, she may like cats. That's fine too; I have nothing against cats.

However, Elan passed by all the lazy and cute kittens.

"That one, I want that one."

After looking around, Elan, who was hiding behind me, nodded her head towards a caged creature.

Let me see....

Silver moonlight colored fur, clean white teeth, black jewel-like eyes, long ears and large face, and a body a little smaller than a horse. I looked at Elan with gentle eyes. I must admit, this creature is indeed very beautiful compared to others of its kind.

But, this is a donkey, isn't it?

However I look at it, it's definitely a donkey, besides the silver fur being rather rare. In fact, in my previous world there was a person who wrote about how he and a silver donkey played together. A story of hand and hoof brothers. However, the silver donkey was not a specialty of this world either.

"Why did you choose this small donkey?"

I smiled at Elan and asked.

"Be, because the little hairball looked very lonely, just like, just like how I was before I met brother. That's why, that's why I thought..."

She was already completely sobbing.

At this point, I can't just not buy it.

I looked at the donkey.

The donkey, with a treacherous triumphant look on his face, smiled at me with its two rows of teeth exposed.

Not buying! No matter what, not buying!

“Please save Mr. Hairball!”

Elan’s hand pointed at the donkey and at that moment, tears began to leak out of the donkey’s eyes, and its hoof strummed at the cage bars.

It had a sad and contemplative look, as if lamenting all of his life experiences.

Actor, this guy is such an actor.

If the Oscars existed in this world, this year’s winner might be this donkey.

Elan tightly hugged my legs.

Thinking of her confused expression when she first came to my home, I caved.

After all, she was able to get past those painful memories and help those in the same situation.

Elan’s growth must absolutely be encouraged.

“Fine, in the future, you’ll be called Little Hairball.”

Little Hairball put away the treacherous face, and meekly bowed its head.

It really is a smart donkey. If after I had said we were going to buy it it gave me that sly look, I would have immediately taken Elan and left. However, since it decided to obediently bow his head, this showed that at essence it wasn’t a bad person.

However, the pet shop owner was the complete opposite, a total villain.

Seeing through Elan’s liking toward Little Hairball, the price was set very high.

Two gold coins!!

A fine silver knife was sold for five silver coins. In other words, twelve of these knives were exchanged for this scheming donkey.

Can it be that the knives I make are not even up to the standard of this donkey?

And if I bargain, I’m bound to bring up the bad characteristics of Little Hairball, which will definitely make Elan unhappy.

Well, it’s at this time when you have to act like a gentleman.

I took out two gold coins and placed them in the smirking owner's hands, then gracefully transferred the reins into Elan's hands.

Little Hairball's treacherous smile must have been learned from the owner.

Elan happily wiped off her tears and snot, even though she used her sleeves. I'll have to do laundry again when we get back. Maybe this time I should let Elan wash it herself.

She had a red nose, but her smile was a genuine treasure. In that case, the two gold coins were well spent.

Elan gently kissed Little Hairball on the nose. I gently hit it on the butt.

The latter grunted softly.

The silver fur is actually kind of comfortable.

Although it is a pet, it's also equipped with a saddle and reins. If in the future Elan goes out to play, it can be considered a good mount. In case of danger, she can escape. After all, the donkey might be even smarter than Elan.

Although I would like to say that was a good harvest, now I have to make the stable and fences, collect hay, and buy fodder and fur cleaning supplies. These things are what I must do as uncle.

But since I'm also good at carpentry, I'll definitely make the most beautiful stable.

Ok! Now I am a proper villager!

# Chapter 5: The Uncle and the Mysterious Visitor (part 1)

Sorry! I know it's been a while, but I've been busy with school and other stuff. In the future, I'll try to get chapters out sooner than this one was released. Well, without further ado, here's chapter 5~

Translator: DokuHana (as always)

Editor: Castera

## Chapter 5: The Uncle and the Mysterious Visitor (part 1)

I really must be a genius.

After living this long, I have rarely said conceited words like these. Actually, I can't really say I have any extraordinary talents. Other than the confidence I have in my weapon-creation, I do not have confidence in my character or appearance.

But just now, I thought I was pretty talented.

When I was building Little Hairball's stable, I made some mistakes at first. Little Hairball was not able to enter it. I put the failure to the side, but the villagers bought it.

Then, I made a doghouse, but that was also bought and taken away.

After that, I made a lot of pet houses, and they all sold out.

Holding the four silver coins in my hand, I finally realized that I also have the talent to be a carpenter.

If I open a carpentry shop along with the weapons shop, then later open a grocery shop as well, one day my status will skyrocket and I will become village head. Becoming the head means that I will definitely meet the hero, because even if the hero doesn't want to buy weapons, he still has to visit the village head.

Although I am already twenty-six years old, I still have big dreams.

In short, getting this good fortune makes one quite happy.

Today's dinner was especially rich. Little Hairball also got some extra portions.

Elan ate with a happy expression, and even Little Hairball revealed an expression of enjoyment.

Looking at their faces, I was quite relieved.

I can't say that I have no confidence in my culinary skills, but some of the dishes were new creations.

The villagers' distant homes were also lit with warm, yellow light. They must also be having wonderful family gatherings.

Suddenly, an uncomfortable feeling welled up inside me.

"Come in, don't just stand by the door."

I said very softly so that even Elan wasn't able to hear it.

The shop door quietly opened.

Wearing a dark cloak, he stood by the door without a word.

"Are you hungry? There's still food."

Although I spoke in a care-free manner, I was taut with nerves.

I am a weapons shop uncle and deal with weaponry. What type of weapon and how compatible it would be with the person, I can see all this with one glance. Thus, when customers don't know what to choose, I can select what weapon is the most appropriate one for them.

Because of this, I can also determine how strong a person is very clearly.

This visitor was not as powerful as a member of the demon clan, but even eavesdropping magic or hiding one's presence aside, this type of person should not be a villager. I can clearly feel him staring at Elan.

"Do you have any business with my family or I?"

The visitor took off his hat

Short purple hair, long ears, and a slightly genderless face with a blank expression.

"How can- ? I'm just a little surprised at seeing a member of the demon clan

here, that's all."

The voice sounds like one of a boy. Although still immature, it carries a sound of prestige and nobility.

Is it because they are similar, that they can see through each other's identity?

"Then, is the customer here to buy weapons?"

Obviously I knew that it couldn't be so simple, but I went ahead and asked anyway.

"I'm not 'customer'. My name is Baluo, a warrior of the forest."

I asked Elan if she had ever heard of the name, but she only bit her spoon and shook her head no.

"I wanted to buy a bow, but the bows here are too inferior."

In his words, there were no falsehoods.

"Then please find another store."

I said plainly.

Even if I had a bow, I couldn't sell it to the demon clan, or I would be a traitor to humankind. Although I made a conscious decision when I saved Elan, there's no reason to take risks over matters unrelated to me.

"That's impossible. My presence has already been discovered. Right now, all the humans in the area are looking for me. It's only that here, information comes in slowly. Maybe by tomorrow, I will have been caught and beheaded."

I drank some fish soup.

"What do you want the bow for?"

"To kill someone."

What a direct answer. I waved towards the attentive Elan.

"Elan, go give some more hay to Little Hairball."

When Elan and Baluo passed each other, they looked at each other. Elan had curious eyes, while Baluo had cold ones.

"That girl is a ghost, isn't she?"



After watching Elan's back completely disappear, Baluo asked me.

I nodded my head.

"Why did you take her in?"

"Because that child said she wanted to stay here, that's it."

She had cried and hugged my leg while saying things like that.

Baluo suspiciously stared into my eyes.

"You can make the bow I want, can't you?"

"Yes, if I use the material inside your cloak, then I can make a good bow."

His eyes suddenly became sharp, and in a split second, he disappeared from the spot.

Perhaps not even a second had passed.

I lifted my hand and caught the hand that stretched towards me, and easily tossed him back to the spot he was in before. The knife he used to threaten me landed in my hands.

Although he managed to maintain a standing position, there was a look of shock on his face.

Not knowing how slow one is, or not knowing another's strength and hastily acting; both are extremely stupid.

However, stupid actions shows inner anxiety.

"Why do you want to kill someone?"

I picked up the bowl and took another sip. The soup seems a bit bland. I should add half a teaspoon of salt next time.

He seemed to still be struggling, but clearly recognized the gap in abilities and obediently stayed in place.

He passed.

If just then when I was drinking soup he attacked again, I might have twisted off his wrist to sober him up.

However, I'm getting older, so I don't like to make unnecessary movements.

“The forest I lived in was burned down by humans.”

I nodded.

“Not only our forest species, but the creatures originally living in the forest also died.”

This doesn't sound false. In order to eradicate the demon race, humans really will do anything.

“Our race depends on the forest. Once the forest was gone, the strength we were so proud of also disappeared.”

It was obviously bad news, but he didn't disclose a trace of pain.

What a strong guy.

I laughed aloud.

“So you're going to rely on weapons? I'll say this first: no matter how strong a weapon is, the one who uses it is you. The bow I make will only be average. The one who aims will be you. The one who pulls the bow will be you. The one who shoots out of hate, will also be you.”

He bit his lower lip.

“But, if I use the power of life, I should still have one more chance. Just once, there is a person I must absolutely kill.”

“The mastermind of the arson?”

“Yes, the captain of the 6th Expeditionary Force. I have already investigated; everything was caused by this man.”

“So it's like this.”

For the first time, a flustered expression appeared on his face.

“You're very strong, maybe even stronger than the strongest warriors in the forest. I can't beat you. If you won't help me, I will leave right now. Of course, I won't tell anyone about the ghost girl. We demon race do not hurt our companions.”

I stared into his eyes.

He did not avoid my eyes.

“Fine, it’s only one bow.”

## Chapter 6: The Uncle and the Mysterious Stranger (part 2)

Hey guys! It's been a while hasn't it? Mostly due to my procrastination though. T^T However, the good thing is that there will probably be less procrastination due to the fact we have a new translator with us! She will introduce herself in the next chapter. Well, here is chapter 6!

Translator: DokuHana

### Chapter 6: The Uncle and the Mysterious Stranger (part 2)

It was dark in the forging room.

Because I was very poor when I first opened the shop, I couldn't afford a big room, so the forging chamber was built underground.

The vent that leads to the roof is the chimney, which is also connected to the kitchen.

I later found that working underground was actually very convenient. The forging and firing won't disturb the nearby residents, and events like tonight can be kept under wraps.

Baluo stared intently into the flames beneath the stove. I took his materials, and laid them out, perusing each of them.

When faced with new materials, you have to first learn its characteristics. Like with people, you must get to know the longs and shorts of it.

Some materials are particularly hard, some are strong, and some have good adhesion. All these things must be carefully noted.

Once you know the characteristics of the material, the method is most generic. To give a simple example, steel and iron have the same processing method. It's nothing more than just melting them down and reforming them into skeletons of the weapon. Smelting uses the same method as well.

Therefore, even if I have full confidence in my skills, I still have to take time to understand an advanced material I've never seen before.

The most unique among the materials was a smooth round bone.

On the sides you could see the pieces of bone marrow. but there was no smell of any kind.

That should most likely be a human skull, or a forest species’.

“Baluo, do you understand what you are trying to do?”

I let out a small sigh.

“I understand.”

Baluo, resolutely, with no hint of hesitation, said.

“A magic bow.”

Similar to the magic sword, it is a cursed weapon.

In addition, to complete that kind of curse, the weapon must contained an unwilling and tortured soul.

I put that piece of bone solemnly back into its place.

In regards to the creation of magic weapons, I only know the theory. I need time to process and arrange my thoughts. In this time, can you even talk about what happened in the forest?

I was telling the truth. A magic weapon’s creation is not as simple as an ordinary weapon’s. It is a fairly complicated process. For something like a soul curse, even I have only seen them in ancient records. Without a doubt I can make the weapon, I just need a little time.

Baluo hugged his knees, and turned his body in my direction.

“We forest people are the equivalent of the forest’s guardians. The power we use is also from the forest. We implement the forest’s will. In the struggle between the demon clan and humans, we acted as neutral existences. The Magic King commanded that us, that we were not allowed to attack humans. Therefore, the forest has always been very peaceful. From my birth till now, I have only witnessed one war.

The one after that bastard Luo Pana appeared. The captain of the 6th Expeditionary Force...what a despicable man. Uncle, are only shameless people

like him capable of becoming an Captain? Are all humans like this?”

I used one eye to watch the glowing magic weapon material.

“Not necessarily. You continue to talk.”

Baluo’s tone began to significantly fluctuate. His words also became more intense. Sure enough, when talking about one’s enemy, even the most calm-blooded (?) person would be affected. For his age, Baluo’s self-control was already very good.

“Luo Pana shot and killed many many of the animals in the forest. They had lived in the forest for a long time, yet were always respectful to the us, forest species. We could not go to war, but the forest cannot forgive them. The animals that live in the forest belong to the forest. The forest is after all, the forest. A forest without animals would have no life.”

“So you went to war?”

I use my hands to gently twist the yellow tendon. It doesn’t seem like deer tendons. Perhaps it’s monster tendons. In any case, both its flexibility and strength are great.

“Our pride did not allow us to take it in silence. A doe, about to feed its child, was the fuse. When a member of the expedition intended to shoot that doe, one of the great warriors of the forest shot and killed him. We went to war, and we lost.”

“Even though you guys had the power of the forest?”

The preparation was almost done. Next, I had to think about the production method of the magic weapon.

For the first time, Baluo revealed a smile in front of me.

“Yes, we lost, even with our prideful power. Because we defied the Magic King’s commands, we did not receive any reinforcements. The soldiers of the expedition far outnumbered us. A part of them engaged us, and the other part set fire to the forest. Our power gone because of the forest, we were massacred. Out of that forest, I am probably the only forest species to survive.”

“There is still one final problem.”

I lifted the skull.

“Who does this belong to?”

He bit his lower lip, hesitated for a moment, then said: “The warrior who protected the doe. His final remorse, was that he believed that he had brought disaster on the whole forest. At the very least, I wanted to kill Luo Pana along with him.”

I stood up and patted the dust off of me.

Because I had sat on the floor too long, my muscles were slightly sore and my legs were numb.

“I am the weapons shop uncle. As long as my customers want it, I can make anything.”

I had him retreat to a corner.

Ten thousand casting. (TL: Ok, I didn't really understand this part.) Powerful pressure built in my right arm. There was a crashing sound and a blinding light, then it immediately returned to darkness.

After a moment, florescent green lights slowly rose up from the ground.

A red alchemy array quietly appeared. On each corner of the pentagram was an ancient furnace.

Right now, even with closed eyes I could tell what the role of each material was. I put approximately half of the materials in an orderly manner into the furnace, and the skull into the middle of all of it.

At this step, I suddenly had a strange feeling. The spirit calling ceremony cannot be called a failure, but also cannot be considered a success.

The bellows were whistling and blowing with hot air.

In the other furnace, mysterious iron and a scale of an evil tyrant fish were tempering.

I repeatedly stretched the monster tendons. At the same time, I rubbed in luminous grass pulp and rock dragon's blood.

The covering would be made with a copper molding ring, the core with dark

spider silk.

The bow would be made with my own materials. Although I felt slightly apologetic to the flower, I plucked four or five petals off, ground them into paste, and twisted and stretched the paste into a crescent moon shape.

My only regret is that on the spirit bow, there already exists natural lines. Too bad I didn't have an opportunity to show off my superb artistic skills.

The body was white, with a slight yellow tone. Because it used magic arrows, I did not make any physical arrows.

“Amazing...”

A completely dazed Baluo said.

I wiped the sweat on my forehead, and set the bow into his hands.

For the first time, Baluo's eyes shone. Not the kind of shiny that Elan eye's got when she received her favorite things, that kind of satisfied and pleasant feeling. It was closer to the flame of vengeance. Victory was close at hand, he must have thought.

I took him to the surface.

He pulled the string, and created a black arrow made of magic. He aimed at the dark sky.

Completely pulling back the string like the heaven's blade of vengeance.

-crackle, crackle—

The bow began to shows signs of cracks.

Baluo froze, hands desperately clutching the bow. Body and bow both quivering.

But it was useless.

-Rattle—

Including the bowstring, the white bow broke into pieces right in front of us.

Baluo's face, dazed with hate, collapsed. He gritted his teeth with tears and turned towards me. I only looked at the bright round white moon above his



head.

Not even understanding this and still crying; at the end, he is still only a child.

## Chapter 7: The Uncle and the Mysterious Stranger (part 3)

Hey guys, this is lovelyxday, a new translator working on Weapons Shop Uncle. I'm a student who struggles with the school lyfe so please bear with me.

Translator: lovelyxday

Editor: DokuHana

### Chapter 7: The Uncle and the Mysterious Visitor (part 3)

I don't know exactly how strong Baluo was before he lost the strength of the forest, but as far as I'm concerned, right now he's weak.

I remember that in my original world there was a man called [Osamu Dazai](#), who said that preaching is merely a type of self-satisfaction.

Thus, I did not say anything as Baluo hit me again and again and I flung him away, over and over again.

From the very first time, Baluo knew the gap between him and me, but right now, even if he knows the difference, he still still harbors thoughts of unwillingness to give up and kept trying again. That is what is called anger.

The anger of the destruction of his final hopes after the fire.

"I shouldn't have trusted you from the beginning! You're a liar! All humans are liars!"

Short purple hair reflected the moonlight.

After the last hit, he could not even pull out the demon-like figure from before. He exerted all the strength in his whole body to hit me, but pounced on empty air and tumbled to the ground, all energy wasted.

"Wuaaaaaaa!!!!!"

He cried with the lament of a beast.

Elan hid from a distance and peeked out, occasionally using a worried expression to watch me, occasionally looking at Baluo on the ground. Little

Hairball angrily pawed at the pegs toward me. It was comparatively smart; it probably thought I was bullying the boy.

If I wanted to bully him, how should I do it? I thought over manga villain lines and actions.

Perhaps to stick out a foot and step on his head, grinding him into the ground.

“What? Are you already done?”

“Dammit.....”

His voice was weak, rather his strength was already very delicate. Doing his utmost, he wanted to prop up his body, but his body strength has already reached its limits.

I’ve never liked preaching to brats. Although preaching is supposed to be a senior’s skill, using words to make him understand is not as effective as using actions. Right now he should’ve regained some conscience from his stupidity.

I grabbed him by his dirty purple hair and brought his face up to near my position.

He immediately spit saliva towards me.

Ah. He still hasn’t cooled down.

I released him and he used his sleeve to wipe dry his face of saliva.

“Did your parents not teach you to respect your seniors?”

“You aren’t a...senior...you fiend...”

He spoke discontinuously.

I picked up a shard from the bow, and threw it in front of his eyes.

“Do you know why this broke?”

He did not look at the piece of the bow, but gnashed his teeth and glared at me.

“It must be.....because of your tricks!”

He still has energy to criticize me, not bad.

“Listen to the voice of the bow for yourself.”

He looked at me with distrust, but still brought his ear closer.

In a moment an extremely amazed expression appeared.

“Do you understand now?”

He looked at me silently.

If at the start I had tried to make him listen to the bow's voice, he definitely would have refused. Only until he was hit until he couldn't move, then he would have reluctantly accepted the opposition's suggestion. Of course I passively took the beating without retaliating, to awaken his conscience deep in his heart and to allow him to take the initiative and ask me, so that my stereotypical manga story can be chosen.

But I didn't choose, because getting hit really hurts.

“I don't understand.....”

He whimpered and cried again, using both hands to grab at sand and throw it onto the broken bow.

“Why...why...”

I lifted the neck portion of his cloak and raised him up, and without saying anything brought him inside with me.

Since he understands now, I no longer need to be hostile with him.

Therefore, I made a large meal for him.

“.....disgusting.”

He said after drinking a mouthful of soup.

How can this be? How can my cabbage, radish, and stewed fish soup taste bad!!

I refuse to accept this!!

I drank a mouthful of the soup myself, and then spit it right back out.

What is this.....?

I then remembered. After I made dinner today I switched the spots of the salt and sugar. But when I made food this time, I forgot.

I'm sorry! God of cooking, please forgive me!! Baluo, please forgive me!!

I planned to take the fish soup from Baluo and throw it away, but he suddenly turned took it and gulped down all of it.

".....disgusting."

I squatted in a corner, silently being gloomy.

There was no need to say it twice, no need right?

He said with a straight face:

"However, I quite like it."

I let out a sound and mussed his hair. I don't necessarily like this kind of thing, but as a senior, seeing this junior regain some of his strength is quite satisfying. Rather, messing one's hair is a taller and older person's exclusive skill. By chance, I satisfied these two conditions. Therefore, it was unconsciously triggered.

It absolutely wasn't because I wanted to rub his head. That's right, it definitely wasn't that.

He shook his head, but did not overly resist.

"So after this, where do you plan to go?"

His only hope was destroyed, so he probably won't go to Luo Pana for vengeance anymore.

"Other forests, I will definitely be able to find family there."

"Is that so."

I wiped my hands clean on the apron.

"If you ever have nowhere to go, come find me and become an employee. Although the lifestyle will be more tiring."

Without even finishing eating, he took advantage of the dim night to don his hood and leave.

I picked up a fragment of the bow and arrow, brought it to my ears, and listened carefully. Faint words came intermittently.

"Live on.....don't use.....you are.....the last....."

I took the fragment and resolutely threw it down to the ground.

Failed, failed.

Although the end result turned out fine, at the casting level it was I who lost.

There is only one reason why the bow broke. A magic tool requires a spirit who unwilling and angry, filled with enmity against the world, but this soldier only hoped that Baluo, as the last of the forest people could live on. Even though I noticed something at the casting stage, if I had noticed earlier, I could've forced through and ignited hatred using force to forge.

As a weapon shop uncle, I could not completely my client's request.

While I was overcome with remorse, Elan hugged my waist. Well more like with her height, her open arms could only hug my waist. Her strength was very large, maybe she used her power as a ghost.

I patted her head.

Her eyes were red and as clear as spring water.

"Big brother, he did not do anything wrong. I, I know, that the person called Baluo, he, when he came he was filled with a scary feeling. But when he left, he had a very gentle feeling. Big brother, he, is a warm person....."

In the cold winter night I let out a pure white breath and softly hugged Elan.

"Thank you, Elan."

Little Hairball rubbed his face against my back.

## Chapter 8: The Uncle and the Nightmare

New chapter for y'all~ See? Less procrastination.

Translator: DokuHana

### Chapter 8: The Uncle and the Nightmare

During the day I had many thoughts, so I ended up having a dream.

Yesterday, I dreamed that I had finally become a bystander!

When the Hero was visiting my shop for weapons, a monster suddenly attacked. I was killed, but the Hero was able to save everybody else. It really was a good dream!

Incidentally, the monster in the dream was a silver donkey, although I'm not sure why.

If the dream had ended at this point, I probably would have been moved to tears. However, it did not end there.

I dreamed that without my help, little Elan had no means of survival. Wandering throughout the whole village and praying. Finally, with not enough to eat or wear, she could only go into the red light district.

Heavens! This dream was too scary! After I woke up I still had lingering fears.

I looked at Elan's small figure, which was currently cleaning.

Although when we are alone together, she is happy and well-behaved, but once she got nervous, she would begin to cry and stutter. If one day I'm not there anymore, Elan would definitely have no way to survive. In other words, without Elan I would be a useless person!

In my former world, I remember that there was the Ethiopian Red wolves. They would throw their offspring out into the wild to sharpen them and make them stronger.

I obviously cannot throw Elan out. The reason is very simple. The only surroundings of wolves are snow and prey. However, Elan lives in a place full of her predators, humans.

Hence, I decided, I'm was going to teach Elan the methods of forging.

This way, even if something happens, Elan can inherit my shop. No matter what, she would be able to get by.

How can I be this smart....

After resolving to pass my techniques on to her, my mood immediately improved.

"Elan, as a teacher I intend to pass all my trade secrets on to you today!"

"Oh-"

Immediately her eyes lit up.

Her two tiny fists raised up. After a while, she pushed her forefinger under her lower lip.

"But why does big brother suddenly want to teach me?"

"This...well, I cannot always be with you. On the day you must be independent, you will have to take care of yourself. Therefore, you should learn a little now..."

"Does, does big brother not want me anymore? Is Elan very annoying?"

"No, there's nothing like that. It's only for in case anyways."

"Hmm..."

Although she looked very reluctant, she did finally agree.

After hanging up the closed sign on the door, I took Elan to the casting chamber and lit a candle.

Even during the day, the forging room was very cold.

However, after lighting a fire the room would become extremely warm. One might even start sweating.

"Next, you have to watch carefully. Elan, you have to watch carefully what I'm about to do."

Elan was a novice, so we should start with the ordinary iron sword.

I warmed the furnace, melted the iron, and pulled the bellow, all in a breath.



Using magic, I drew the molten iron in to the air, and formed and cooled it.

“Wow!”

In a moment, patterns and symbols were formed.

Proudly jumping up, I grabbed the sword with one hand.

Perfect? How is it, Elan?

Elan looked at me blankly with an incomprehensible expression on her face.

“Can you do it?”

I asked her.

“No...”

She said, after she tried on the remaining molten iron.

“How can this be?! Then how do you guys normally make weapons?”

Elan made a hammering motion.

“Generally speaking, first is the production of the mold, then adjusting the raw materials. Next would be melting, casting, then finally trimming.”

Wait a minute, wait a minute.

What Elan said made a lot of sense. It seems that in the former world it was also done this way.

But ever since coming to this world, I’ve found there is a very convenient thing, magic. As long as magic is injected into the material, it can be very easily operable. Such as removing impurities, forging, molding, and the like. Can it be that it is not so?

“That, and big brother, you ‘retention magic,’ what is that?”

Retention magic? So, in other words, when I first came here I had a magic I could use.

“Ten thousand forging.”

Elan’s small hands grabbed the edges of her apron skirt.

“That thing. Such a thing, only big brother can do.”

Is that so!!

Shocked by this bolt from the blue, I was forced onto my knees.

“Finished, it’s finished. Elan will have to go to the red light district.”

“The flower district?” (TL: Something about the way the words used for red light district also contain “flower street”) Elan looked at me quizzically.

“No.”

I held my forehead.

“My meaning is, once I’m gone you will have no food.”

Elan laughed.

She was a little taller than my kneeling self, so her open arms went around my neck. She put her weight on me.

“That kind of thing doesn’t matter, as long as big brother stays by my side.”

Well, at this stage there is no good method. I’ll just let Elan practice little by little.

## Chapter 9: The Uncle and the Honors Student (part 1)

New chapter! I'm excited for future developments!

Translator: lovelyxday

Editor: DokuHana

### Chapter 9: The Uncle and the Honors Student (part 1)

The sun is shining overhead! The sounds of birds chirping can be heard everywhere!

Take a look! Come and see!

Nobody wants first-rate weapons!\*

\*it don't rhyme like it did in the raws >< My heart hurts.....

It's been one month since I gave the double-edged sword to Nuode, and in this time I haven't sold a single weapon. The hero count has also stayed at 576. Although I comforted myself by saying the reason that my weapons haven't been selling is because there aren't many people who would try to subdue the Demon King in the winter, but seeing what I wrought with sweat and tears being ignored, is discomfiting.

In my original world, [Xu Wei](#) once said: Pearls from my pen can find no buyer, then let them scatter amidst the vines.

My circumstances are, in general, quite similar to his. However, I am a little better off. In the winter I can work as a carpenter or sell some homemade snacks to earn money, so life is not too bad. In addition, I can repair houses, furniture, and do other odd jobs to support myself, Elan, and Little Hairball without a problem.

But I have started to have doubts about myself.

Although Nuode once said that the quality of my manufacturing was higher than even his father's, I still don't have much of a reputation.

Ah — how irritating, how irritating. I don't want to do anything today — I see that Elan still has not fully woken up; she was leaned forward, stretching

herself over the sales counter like a small child. (E/N: Well.....she is a small child) — —dong dong dong.

The people I know in the village, for example Li Sanai, would not knock on the door and but directly push come in. The possibility of it being a customer is also very low, since I haven't been selling anything recently. Who could it be.....

Opening the door, there was a row of white armor. At the very front stood a female of around nineteen years of age.

Her hair was almost the same shade of white as Elan's, her eyelashes also silvery-white, her body concealed by a white cloak. She was quite the high quality beauty, but her green eyes emitted a dangerous aura. In short, she looked capable and experienced. Her age was much too young to carry such maturity.

Ordinary people could also sense an icily arrogant chill from her body, but as far as I was concerned, this kind of killing intent was much too undeveloped.

Compared to a person who is always expressionless, a person who is always full of smiles is scarier.

After making an initial assessment, I inquired of her: "Excuse me, do you have any business with me?"

She stood perfectly straight, not fearing my gaze at all.

While her hand was extended from her cloak, I saw her excellent, white armor, and the saber around her waist. A sweeping glance could determine that the length is approximately eighty centimeters. It was a sword that emphasizes speed and technique.

Afterwards, her hand held a sheepskin document. It seemed to be some kind of proof.

"I'm the investigation official responsible for this area, Ka Luona. Not long ago, there was a Forest Species who infiltrated here. Please tell me everything you know."

"Forest Species? What is that?"

I asked.

“Their appearance is not much different from a human’s, but their ears are long, and they are good at using a bow and arrow. This is a picture, thank you for your cooperation.”

After I asked the question “What is a Forest Species”, her wariness noticeably declined.

I tentatively glanced at the picture.....is this Baluo? This drawing is really too obscure...Miss Investigation Official if you rely on this drawing, you will never find Baluo in this lifetime. Oh no, my OCD has been offended, have to restrain myself.....

“I haven’t seen this person.”

She nodded her head.

“This drawing is too obscure, isn’t it?.”

I could not endure and said it out loud.

She turned her head to stare at me:

“I drew this.”

I did not know what to say. Fortunately, they were already ready to leave.

“Big Brother, are there customers here?”

At this time, Elan, dressed properly, came behind my back, and timidly asked me.

Shoot.

Ka Luona’s line of sight was instantly directed to Elan. Scared, Elan used all desperately hid behind my back.

“A unknown person...”

Her gaze was full of suspicion. In this situation, I need to think of a way to muddle through this.

“Ah, that’s right. It’s because Miss Investigation Official rarely comes around here. Last year I adopted her, and I let her work at my store.”

“Oh, so it’s like that. But her skin is really too white.”

I wanted to say that she herself was also very white, but at a time like this I exercised restraint.

“.....ah, haha. Actually this child has been extremely afraid of strangers every since undergoing that disaster, always staying at home.”

“That disaster?”

I have successfully changed the topic.

“Yes. One year ago, during the battle between humans and demons, her parents were killed, and she ran here all alone covered from head-to-toe in blood.”

I did not lie.

In that moment, Ka Luona showed a sincerely sad expression. As expected, although her face is stiff as a board, her heart is still gentle.

“Sorry, but can you take off your hat and let me take a look?”

She actually wants to continue the harassment!

What to do.....

Wracking my brains.....

“This.....cannot be done.”

“Why?”

She suddenly pressed close to me, carefully scrutinizing my face. To tell the truth her face was not that far apart from mine, to say I am tempted is not an exaggeration, although she herself completely could not sense it, I could even feel her breath.

“Because.....because Elan, she, is bald!!”

I said loudly.

Ka Luona’s expression immediately became dark. What to do, I want to run away.

No, I should still persist!

“Although you can still see hair coming from around the area of the hat, at the

top of her head not a single blade of grass grows! Please see, Miss Investigation Official, this child once had beautiful white hair just as worthy of pride of yours. But...this was done by a donkey! Our pet donkey only eats grass, and moreover, whatever he eats will not grow back!!”

Afterward, Ka Luona cried.

Her tears fell down her cheeks \*pitter patter\* onto the floor.

I am absolutely not perverted, but Ka Luona’s crying face was so much better than her usual icebox impression.

“Such a young girl, but she only can.....wear this hat...to live normally....”

Her tone was filled with self-blame and guilt.

I let out a sigh of relief. Just as Ka Luona was about to leave, there came a sudden surprise.

I don’t know when Little Hairball came out, but right now he was chewing on Ka Luona’s hair.

“Wuaaaaaaa— —”

Out came a cry of utter sadness, in a flash Ka Luona took out her sword to cut the piece of hair that was inside of Little Hairball’s mouth. Then she immediately swung down at it, but it was no use because the sword was already in my hands.

Unlike Durant and Baluo from before, Ka Luona could see me take away her sword, but her body could not respond. To even follow my movements was worthy of praise. When she reached my age, maybe she could surpass me. However, I didn’t seriously try to take away the sword, so this wasn’t for sure.

“Give my sword back! Also do not run! You brute!”

Right now, compared to the indignant Ka Luona, the frightened Elan, the cheerfully running away Little Hairball, and the soldiers pointing their swords at me, I cared more about the thing that was in my grasp.

The creation of this sword.....

It’s way better than what I could make!!!

“Say, Miss Investigation Official, where did you get this sword?”





# Chapter 10: The Uncle and the Honors Student (part 2)

Translated and edited by lovelyxday

## Chapter 10: The Uncle and the Honors Student (part 2)

I lost.

Only this sentence kept repeating inside my mind.

Ever since I entered this world, I never believed that I could lose, because I almost never provoked any incidents. Therefore, there's a low chance of me coming to blows with experts. I don't know how strong these experts are, but when I come to face with a strong person, I can use my skills in areas that I have an advantage with to close the gap. I don't think I would lose in wisdom and knowledge either.

However, as I held this silver-white sword, I became aware of what is true mastery.

This is a sword I cannot make.

There are people who probably think that all swords made out of some mold, but in reality, this is not the case at all. If the weapon is only used to kill people, the difference is not too big, but when using it by infusing it with magic, the sword requires other metals to make the skeleton for its insides. The skeleton not only directly effects the weapon's level of resistance, but also the fluency of enchantment and magic capability.

For example, a sword not carrying a skeleton is just a sharp lump of steel, and it is easy to fracture once it encounters magic. But once it carries a skeleton, it can resist magic and can even split magic apart. For the same reason, magic can also be poured into the skeleton, to make it harder or sharper.

Skeletons made from different methods are of course different. Naturally, different weapon skeletons also have their special characteristics.

Just by holding this sword you can tell that it is a level above the others.

This sword is tailored for Ka Luona. As I hold this sword, a feeling of rejection

occurs immediately. I cannot put magic in this sword. When I tried to forcefully pour it in, this sword even came back to bite me.

In other words, its maker analyzed Ka Luona's magic skeleton and input it into the design. This sword is actually a part of her body, an extension of her limbs.

This is a true weapon.

However, how do you analyze other people's magic skeleton?

I gazed at the sword in my hand until Ka Luona grabbed it back.

"This is a sword I received from graduating first from the Hero University. It was made by the principal. He's not the kind of person you could match up to."

She jabbed determinedly at my sore spot.

I grabbed Ka Luona's wrist, and pushed up her sleeve to her elbow. Ka Luona saw my action, but she didn't resist.

I looked at her forearm, sniffed it, and then licked it lightly.

"You ill-mannered disciple, what are you doing aaaaah!!!!!"

As expected, no matter what method, I had no way of seeing Ka Luona's magic skeleton.

I can only give up.

——pa!! (sound of hitting)

It even took a long time for me to react to Ka Luona's slap across my face. My mind was filled solely with the elaborate structure of that sword.

"Closed."

I spoke tersely to Elan, and then I slumped in the chair at the counter, beaten and paralyzed.

A principal of a magic school. What's this sword made to do, destroy Voldemort's horcruxes?

My head also started to hurt.

I am a weapons shop uncle; my mission is to make the best sword for the hero who will kill the Demon King.

That's right. Not selling anything is my level. How could there be anyone who would want goods from me.

I stood up to go to the basement.

The familiar smell of steel. So far, all the weapon I have completed were made here.

"All things forge." (magic chant thing)

I see it clearly. I see it more clearly.

"All things forge."

No, it's still not enough. It's merely making a sword.

"All things forge."

I summon an enormous amount of magic and squeeze it into the sword.

It exploded into pieces.

Can it only bear this much magic?

No way, the explanation is not thorough enough.

"All things forge."

I recall, recall that silver-white sword!

"All things forge."

It's still not enough. It's too weak like this.

"All things forge."

If there was a hero, maybe during a decisive battle he might meet with a crisis. If my sword is not strong enough, if in the battle it breaks—— "All things forge."

I can't see it.

"All things forge."

I can't see the skeleton! Can it not be perceived? Why?

"Allthingsforgeallthingsforgeallthingsforgeallthingsforge——"

That very night, Elan went to the forge to wake me up, after I had used up all my magic.

Without strength, I looked at the mound-like pile of 128 weapons.

Complete, total failure.

Elan looked at me with a worried expression; I stroked her head and told her I was all right.

After all, this wasn't a problem that could be resolved in a day. Although I was unwilling, I stood up to make Elan food. Little Hairball probably knew that its antics today went too far, so when I was giving him feed he secretly looked at me, observing my response, so I pat its nose.

At midnight, Elan was already asleep. I was managing my current record of wares at the counter. My first was a tachi, sold for 15 copper coins, without a skeleton inside. The one who bought it was hero no. 1 who already died.

I pressed my forehead into my arm, leaning over the table and thinking.

What is it that I'm lacking? What should I do?

At this time, the door sounded.

Unexpectedly, it was Ka Luona wearing casual clothes. A brown shirt, black pants, white sneakers. At her waist was the ever present, familiar white sword. Based on the fact that the guards were not around, it does not seem that the issue with Elan was exposed.

I did not wait to speak. She looked at my eyes.

Pursing her lips, green eyes fully unyielding.

"I am number one. Today it was only because of wearing the armor it was hard to move around, this time please seriously fight with me."

I let out a sound.

"Sorry, today I'm too tired."

She grabbed my wrist.

"I will let you lick me once more."

If I had been drinking coffee, I would've definitely spewed it onto her face.

Does she really know the meaning of that sentence? Please don't toy with

uncle's pure heart.

I inclined my head and looked at her:

“Okay, let me see the true ability of an honor's student.”

We were separated by about 15 meters. The fight had the feeling of two experts from an *wuxia* novel.

She looked at me without moving her eyes. She is probably trying to figure out my movements, to guard against my speed. Since she used such a textbook method of fighting, it's obvious that her experience is deficient.

Although I could attack, looking at that silver sword made me want to stay put.

I have decided, I will call that sword “Silver Sword”.

Hearing such a wretched name let me find some of my balance.

Maintaining a high level of attention from begging to end is tiring. I slipped in between a lapse in her concentration and easily patted her shoulder.

I clearly felt Ka Luona shiver from head to toe; she immediately pulled back a distance.

It came out again, the textbook battle strategy.

Her method of creating distance was jumping backwards, therefore I tripped her to fall on her butt onto the ground.

She fish-leaped to her feet and immediately drew out her sword. Too slow, she should've done that at the start.

Although fish-leaping is quicker, the stability is not as good as rolling and then getting up. Right now the drawing of her sword is late. At the same time as she jumped. I patted her back. She lost her balance and fell down.

“Really in a difficult situation, as a top student.”

I will kill you.

Her lips said this.

The silver sword was stuck in the ground. Many large fireballs with radius greater than half a meter floated in the air around me.

Are you planning to surround me?

Who gave you this belief.

This kind of skill made me start to use my defence.

I raised a foot and kicked the air before the sword, and the fireballs immediately disappeared.

“That’s really hot; don’t burn down my house.”

# Chapter 11: The Uncle and the Three Diary Entries

Hopefully I'll get back to TL'ing the main arc soon!

TL: lovelyxday

## Chapter 11: The Uncle and the Three Diary Entries

(1) The Uncle and the Lice

03 (year) – 01 (month) – 05 (day) Tuesday

Weather: sunny and cloudless

Today, I woke up early in the morning, and my whole body ached. Of course, it's not from competing with Ka Luona yesterday; it is most likely because of the after effects of magic depletion. This is my first time in over two years to use such a great amount of magic. However, I've profited from the disaster. I have realized that magic and physical strength are related; overusing magic will cause residual effects to appear on the body.

When I was giving Little Hairball more feed, I saw it twitching in the corner, continuously rubbing its body against the wall. I led it out and pushed aside its fur, only to discover that there were lice living on it.

There weren't many lice, but they were real crafty. Small, white things were stealthily hidden in the silver fur. They were really hard to notice, but I am a man who can see through all disguises!

A parasite which cannot do its own work and must suck the blood of others, I must vanquish!

Afterwards, I called Elan to give Little Hairball a bath.

Little Hairball was quite unwilling, so I warned it that if it did not behave, its beautiful, silver fur would be shaved off.

I made a shaving hand gesture, and Little Hairball immediately shuddered. It probably had its own pride.

Choosing the lesser of two evils, it finally allowed Elan to use a brush to carefully wash its body clean.

“However, why would there be lice in the winter?”

Hearing my words, Little Hairball immediately withdrew its head.

I looked at it with a piercing gaze. It promptly moved away from my line of vision and attempted to whistle. (T/n: lol, whistling donkey) I slowly pressed forward.

“Yes? Little Hairball? Is there something you’re hiding from me?”

I made my gaze as imposing as possible.

Finally, Little Hairball cried and ran to the corner, parting the hay on the ground. There was a lot of food inside. Some had already rotted, and there were actually white hairs mixed in. There’s no need to say who else knew about this.

Little Hairball’s eyes were tearing up as it begged for my forgiveness.

“Why would you want to hide food?”

I could not understand. At this time, Elan, at my side, tugged on my jacket.

“It’s probably because it knows that it’s always being naughty, so it’s scared that one day, it will be chased out by Brother He.”

Elan’s tone of voice sounded lonely.

My heart suddenly ached.

“Relax. No matter whether it is you or Little Hairball, you are both members of this family.”

I stroked Elan’s head. Little Hairball came over to pounce on me.

“But you definitely cannot hide things again.”

(2) The Uncle and the Newspaper

.3 (year) -01 (month)-07 (day) Thursday

Weather: sunny and cloudless

Recently, I have felt someone tailing me.

I could find out clearly, but the stalking style makes it obvious that is no worth to guard against the opposite party. When I go near the house the presence disappears, so obviously the other is not Little Elan or Little Hairball.



Today's newspaper reports on some interesting topics.

One of them is a list of the new recruits of the First Expedition Team. The fourth name is Nuode Baliao. That kid is really not simple. The First Expedition Team is the main force on the front lines and must constantly be tough to attack as a vanguard. But this is normal. Nuode had a kind of wolf-like expression, so he is probably suited very well to such work.

The only thing that worried me was the double-edged sword I gave to him. Although Nuode praise the sword as very good, it was not made according to Nuode's body measurements. In the past, I had the confidence that I made swords that were the first under the heavens, but right now I can't help but worry if that sword could withstand high level magic bombardment, if it could cut through magic armor. On the battlefield, weapons are half of life, and I gave Nuode an untrustworthy sword. This made me depressed.

These days I still made swords, every day making tens of failed goods.

Another piece of news was that the village's Noble's Purple Jade was auctioned at an exorbitant price. Yazi, the owner of the flower shop, had her photo printed in the paper. A beautiful woman fulfilling the standards of an adult woman, long black hair draped like a shawl, her eyes squinting in an expression happiness. Age was recorded as 25 years, just a little less than my age, but even I could not handle such a scary role. I could never guess what she was really thinking behind that smiling expression.

As someone who took care of that flower pot, I could have gotten a cut, but because on a certain night I secretly plucked its feathers to make a bow an arrow, my conscience was not at piece, so I rejected it. Goodbye, Noble's Purple Jade! The days I took care of you were very happy!

Another piece of news that concerned me was bad news. Steel prices went up. Although I occasionally do some free service, I still am a businessman who must consider manufacturing costs. The fluctuation in steel prices was not big, but it was a bad omen. Have the munitions for suppressing the Devil Race increased? Anyway, my weapon prices also increased.

(3) The Uncle and the Cold Virus

03-01-12 Tuesday

Weather: dark clouds

This was really careless.

I didn't think that when a person was in a long-term state of low magic stores, immunity would also lower. Yesterday night, when Elan went to my room to wake me, I saw her tearful look and discovered that my shirt was soaked through with sweat.

Shaking I climbed out of bed with a dizzy head. I could fall down at any time.

This was not simply the after effects of magic depletion. I suddenly realized that I had probably caught a cold.

As a result, today I hung up a closed signboard, wrapped in a quilt and shivering with cold.

Until now, since I had been reincarnated, I had not been sick even once.

Elan feverishly swept the room while looking after the boiling soup in the kitchen.

Although I said, "Leave the cooking up to me," I was firmly rejected by Elan.

"Brother He, please rest well. I can do this small thing."

I lay down on the bed. From the corner of my eye, I saw Little Hairball push open the door a crack to secretly watch me. Below, were a few white strands of hair and green eyes. It was Ka Luona. Early in the morning, Yazi had brought Li Sanai to come see me, and not long after, the village head had come to express his sympathies.

This really let me rest well.

I closed my eyes and soon fell into deep slumber.

This time, I dreamt a bad dream. I call it a dream, but it's more like a replay of a video.

Hanging from the ceiling of the company is a rope. In the air, a stiff body swayed. The background was blood-red and a stifling black.

Mocking and jeering, bewilderment and sorrow, the air was filled with all kinds of smells.

A freaky, repulsive face laughed maliciously before my eyes, then twisted and warped into a demon.

You bastards, can you not let go of me, even in this world?

Just as I bit the bullet, suddenly, for no reason, I calmed down.

Cold sweat disappeared without a trace, and the unrest in my heart also vanished like smoke.

I slowly opened my eyes to see Elan using a damp cloth to diligently rub the sweat off my face.

I sighed with relief. I didn't know how long I slept, but the steaming soup was already delivered to me.

"Sorry, because Little Hairball wanted to watch Brother He, of my own accord, I let it....."

I turned to the side to look and saw the silver-haired donkey at my side wearing a sorrowful expression.

I rubbed its head, and it woke up. It licked my hand familiarly.

At last, three people drank nice and warm soup together.

Note:

1. Uncle Zhai He made the first year of his reincarnation year 1.
2. The next chapter is The Honor Student part 3

## Chapter 12: The Uncle and the Honors Student (part 3)

TL: lovelyxday

### Chapter 12: The Uncle and the Honors Student

Yesterday, Little Elan served food as if nothing had happened. It was a spicy mapo tofu soup.

Holding such happiness in my hands, I was already completely over my cold.

I did not feel much discomfort, but yesterday, Little Elan and Little Hairball were driven to run around crazy as if flames were shooting out of their mouths. Until now, those two's lips were still inflamed.

"Today there was absolutely no customers (Today there were absolutely no customers)."

I guess Little Elan is meticulously avoiding having her lips touch, or else they would probably hurt.

I supported my head and nodded. Soon, it would be dusk. I closed the store.

Although I felt ill because of insufficient magic, I had absolutely no thoughts of abandoning practicing making swords. If I couldn't soon grasp the skill, I had no way of responding to the crisis that may come soon. For example, if right now, the real hero were to appear before me, I had no way of giving them a good weapon. As a result, I could ruin the hero.

Like that, I have become inclined to playing the villain's role.

I did not believe that I couldn't do it. Honestly, it's merely sensing the skeleton and making a weapon to match. I only need the right direction, so in theory, there's still hope.

As before, I didn't care about severe magic depletion and used all my strength to make swords.

At this time, Ka Luona's voice sounded out from above my head.

"Are you this fierce every night?"

Such speech that people could easily misunderstand could only come from her.

I turned my head. She stood atop the stone step, looking down from up at high at me.

This time, she wore a light green knitted turtleneck, a light red short skirt, and black tights.

The silver sword was, as usual, worn at her waist.

“If you don’t call out before entering here, be careful that I might mistake you for a thief and chase you away.”

Seeing as she did not look like she came here to fight, I lay down on the ground and spoke.

If your magic power is too different than your physical strength, no matter how much you use magic, the total strength will not increase.

Extreme depletion will cause nerve pain.

She jumped down, noiselessly stepping on to the blue stone bricks like a cat.

“It’s no use. Even If I can’t see, I can’t hear, your aura is still there.”

“Oh.”

She hmphed after being seen through.

I focused my attention on regulating my breathing, so I had no energy to ask her why she was coming. After the awkwardness persisted for a moment, she said: “Are you really someone who opened a weapons shop?”

“Of course. Don’t tell me I seem like someone who buys and sells little girls?”

She said somewhat unhappily:

“But you might be stronger than my teacher. I graduated with the highest grades, but I still lost to you.”

She sounded like she was unwilling to resign, but she obediently recognized her defeat like a good kid.

“So, you have been following me?”

I did not use an interrogating tone. Of course, I also did not have any

intentions of rebuking her.

If you want to see clearly the reason behind a strong person's strength, the best method is observation.

"But there seems to be nothing different about you from other people. I also could not observe your strength. I only saw you possessing skills in forging weapons, that's all.

Her words held such a "How could this be, how could the answer to the question be this"-type tone. As expected, she still hasn't given up.

"How long has it been since you graduated?"

"A year and a half."

"And in this time, have you directly battled anyone?"

"No one. But I still remember the fighting method very clearly—"

"With that kind of textbook battling style, you will never be able to beat me. You are definitely an outstanding person. Observation skills are outstanding, reaction speed exceedingly quick, memory excellent, and even your magic reserves are high. But a fight isn't determined by numbers. Experience is also very important."

Ka Luona did not speak again.

I got up and planned to continue making weapons.

"Fight me again. This time, I will use the full strength of my skills to fight."

But I had not the slightest bit of interest.

It doesn't matter how strong your skills are, if your weakness is the same.

"If Uncle wins, I will let you meet the one who made the sword."

".....Let's go! Let's fight right now!!"

If I can meet the maker, maybe I can truly know what I'm lacking.

Anyway, this time, my win has been decided.

Just as I thought that, Ka Luona's figure instantly disappeared.

Immediately, I put all my strength into dodging. A sword had already been

stuck where I originally stood.

Although I wanted to capture Ka Luona, fireballs had, in the blink of an eye, started coming towards me in all directions.

It's not that I couldn't dodge, but the path for dodging is limited. This is the doing of the fireballs.

Only a couple of days and you've already reached this level?

I waved my hand and used air pressure to shoot at a fire, choosing the other path, simply breaking through. And as expected, seven to eight strong vines came whipping past my body.

Anyhow, I first dropped to the ground. If I had stood in the air above, I would've been bound hand and foot.

Suddenly, the vines at my side exploded.

*Ze clicks tongue.* A dazzling, thunderous light. Thunder was buried inside the vines before attacking.

I used my magic strength to scatter it, but the right arm sustained a wound.

She did not cling to using her speed to beat me, but rather used magic and her skills. Her goal has become "To win the final victory" from "To be first in all areas," letting go of meaningless pride and childish battle theory.

She has become strong.

I really wanted to praise her like this, but doing so in the middle of the battle would be impolite, as if I were displaying my superiority.

"You've lost your composure, Uncle. When I use my skills to strengthen myself, it's not too much to say that I've developed at a god-like pace"

Even if your strength increased, seeking to excel over others isn't right.

Teaching a junior is also a senior's duty.

"All-powerful God of Holy Light, bestow your follower with light that illuminates darkness!"

In a breath, she poured magic into the silver sword, and the sword immediately emitted an incomparably dazzling radiance.

At the same time as her figure instantly disappeared, the clumps of earth all around me soared into the air like a fast-growing plant, surrounding me.

Ma, you can't be this free and unrestrained.

Even though I could easily break through this restricting action, that wouldn't have any meaning. Presumably, Ka Luona believes that her full-strength attack has the strength to make me run off with my tail between my legs, thus the increase in her arrogance and made her reject continuing to advance. For her, who is overly used to the honors student life, having a strong opponent might not be a bad thing.

"All things forge."

The clumps of earth flew upwards. I turned my body and used three fingers to pinch the silver sword as it came cutting down.

I (t/n: humble form) was not hurt at all, but in a circular area about ten or so meters behind me, the clumps of dirt seemed to have evaporated, frantically rushing into the sky. (t/n: basically, the dirt exploded (i think)) It certainly is an incomparably terrifying strength, but if you want to bring me down, you aren't enough to even hit me.



## Chapter 13: The Uncle and the Honors Student (part 4)

I realized that I translated Godspeed (神速) as godlike speed, rather than a technique. Whoops.

Translator: lovelyxday

### Chapter 13: The Uncle and the Honors Student (part 4)

*Aiyaiya.....*

Quickly bringing dirt to fill in the hole.....

*Heiyo! Heiyo!*

*Huu.* This much is okay. Otherwise, if I just made this big of a hole in the ground without permission, I would definitely be scolded by the village head tomorrow.

The earth used to fill in the hole was dug up from the foot of the mountain, so right now there is a hole there. This action of ‘tearing down the east wall to repair the west wall’ may seem to be pointless, but there would definitely be no one who would suspect that the mysterious disappearance of the dirt from the foot of the mountain was my doing, therefore it’s very safe!

Well, other than that, since I started filling in dirt, Ka Luona had been spiritlessly kneeling on the ground.

If I had dodged at that time, she probably wouldn’t have been shocked into this state.

But there’s nothing that can be done. I needed to make her realize that such a thought as “This time, I’ll definitely win” will doom her to defeat from the start. Since she was the number one graduate, she had always had the pleasure of looking down on all lifeforms from up above. Of course, the number one also definitely must bear many responsibilities, therefore she was always severe in speech and action.

The easiest method was to pull her down from her first place throne.

Her abilities are good, Godspeed was also good, God of Holy Light was also

good, and her willingness to go all-out was also very good. Directly stopping that kind of attack made her wake up.

Those who say they made such qualitative leaps in just several days are all liars. Probably, since the last time she left, she incessantly formulated tactics against me, therefore producing the regular and thorough frontal attack. But the battlefield does not have people that would give you this many days to prepare. Even if you had beaten me here, the fact of your weakness will not have changed. If you cannot abandon this kind of pointless pride as soon as possible, throughout your whole life, you will only be “The Number One in School.”

In reality, Ka Luona had already realized herself that she didn’t surpass me in certain areas, so she had already abandoned some of her aloofness.

Thinking comprehensively, I chose to deliver a final blow.

“My ‘Godspeed’ plus certain skill were so easily blocked.....”

After delivering a slap, you should hand out a piece of candy.

Since she had despaired to such a degree, I also wanted to say a few comforting sentences.

“No, it wasn’t easily blocked. I also used a skill.”

Although not saying anything would be a lot cooler, I couldn’t lie. I definitely could not rely on just my body to block that kind of attack. Even if I didn’t use any skills I would’ve consumed about 15% of my total magic strength to dismantle the attack, but making swords already almost depleted my magic power, and besides, I also did not desire to cause a big explosion near my house.

“But, your skills aren’t.....”

I extended my hand to her. Ka Luona hesitated for a moment and then held on tightly.

I was as kind as possible when lifting her up.

“With such a destructive ability, you really have the strength of a number one, and your battle strategy formulation is also pretty good. Firmly speaking, it was too overdone, which made it is easy to guess your actions. This is also the gap from experience.”

She tightly pursed her lips and then suddenly bowed deeply to me.

“It’s my loss. Could you teach me?”

I ignored her wording as much as possible (t/n: teach could also mean train/tame for animals).

“Firstly, in terms of speed, you’re fast enough. But when you were coming at me from the from the front, I knew that you would circle around and surprise attack from the back. Since you were able to think of hiding electricity inside the vines, in the end I could determine that you would also pick what seemed to be the weakest part of me to attack. Because you wanted to beat me, you overthought, thinking that every attack needed to be carefully deliberated over. Therefore, I never needed to respond to your speed, I only needed to turn my body in advance and wait for you.

“*Wu*.....but my certain kill technique.....”

I laughed.

“How could I receive that level of attack empty handed? I cheated.”

“Ch-cheated?”

Ka Luona was obviously very surprised. Her silver eyelashes quivered slightly.

“Yes. I used my skill to slightly alter the skeleton of the silver sword. Because when it is receiving such a massive magic power, a weapon will loosen, and a crack will appear. It will become unstable, so it was easy to do. By changing the skeleton, it forced your attack to bypass me, and I merely grabbed a sword that was not dangerous in the slightest.

“*Maa*, of course after the battle was over I changed the skeleton back, so there’s no need to worry.”

Ka Luona’s expression was very subtle, but finally in the end she let out a long sigh.

“This sort of level cannot be regarded as cheating. It’s my loss.”

I have waited for was this sentence.

“This sort of level cannot be regarded as cheating”, such open-minded speech,

means that tonight was not all in vain. To honestly admit one's own loss is a sign that she can grow.

Rapidly, Ka Luona moved to stand straight up, then bowed.

"Many thanks for the advice!"

*En*, as expected she still had the appearance of a student.

"Could you take me on as a disciple? I hope to devote my whole life to you!"

"....."

I patted the dirt on my body and rubbed her hair.

Quite a stiff body.

"What are you bringing up about disciples, drop that matter about your life. You should travel farther, because you are a hero."

Hero no. 577, Ka Luona!

Such a titillation for my heart! In close to two months, the counter finally went up again!

Ka Luona said to me, deadpan:

"Master, if you want to lick my forearm, I won't slap you."

"I don't have any interest towards that's kind of thing! It's not as good as quickly bringing me to see the one who made the silver sword, Dumble.....that's not it, what I mean is the principal of the magic school."

Ka Luona displayed a happy, smiling expression. This was the first time I had seen her smile, and bathed in the moonlight, it was extremely beautiful.

"So master also has someone he wants to surpass."

"Of course, I don't believe that I am the number one blacksmith under the heavens."

# Chapter 14: The Uncle and the Travel Preparations

## (part 1)

Translated by: lovelyxday

Edited by: rairai

### Chapter 14: Uncle and the Travel Preparations (part 1)

I already decided on this plan, I will go and learn the profundity of making swords.

Thus, I needed to prepare for a journey.

Although I felt some remnants of guilt towards the heroes who wanted to buy my weapons, from now on, I was the travelling merchant, Uncle Zhai He. In order to become the number one blacksmith in the world, Principal of the hero school, please pass on your cheat to me.

But before the expedition, I needed to begin some preparations.

“So, what you’re saying is this?”

“The hole dug from the dirt of the mountain without saying a word is all my fault!”

First, I must kneel and apologize toward the village head whose hair and beard were all white.

As an uncle kneeling in such a public situation, there isn’t a more shameful action.

But there’s nothing that can be done. Even a wise person who thinks a thousand thoughts will make a mistake.

I actually was not paying attention. The dirt from the foot of the mountain and at the entrance of my house are different colors!!

Today, early in the morning, a noisy voice startled me awake. When I went to the front door, I then understood where the general trend was going. If a large portion of the white dirt was discovered to be yellow, it would be hard to think

that it wouldn't attract an uproar. Fortunately, the village head didn't complain too much about me. He really is a good person.

Except for making me pay 20 silver coins as a repair fee.

With this matter finished, I could proceed to Ka Luona's university, which according to her was quite a distance from here. I saw a map; using a comparison from my original world, it's about the distance from Beijing to Shanghai. However, at the present time since I only have Little Hairball as a means of transportation, it is still an extremely daunting journey.

This is the first time I've seen a map. Our Country, Duopunuowa has a terrible shape. Despite the current ruler's attempts to beautify it, I still feel that it looks like a [Big Bean Bug](#). If I was a foreigner, I definitely would call it bean bug country without the slightest hesitation. But right now, I would call it the Link to Happiness.

I wasn't at all not satisfied with Duopunuowa. The conditions and customs here were very favorable towards me, an reincarnated person, but it can't be said that I love it. In my original world, I lived thirty years, so my love towards my previous country is very deep-rooted. But it's not the same here. Two years is still too short.

Where I lived, the Newbie Village (I named it myself) was not marked on the map, and I could only rely on my feeling to determine the approximate location. Between here and Asalei, we would need to surmount about half the length of a bean bug. Duopunuowa is not considered to be big, but it directly borders on the magic race? Demon race, so it's on the frontlines. Little Hairball and Elan cannot be left here alone, and will all come with me. Thinking this, the things I need to buy are a lot.

This is the first time I'm leaving the village, so I don't have a cart (or carriage) and camping equipment. Although I could call Little Hairball a mount, I didn't have any plans to ride it. I consider him as a pet I've raised. If I made him pull the cart, Elan would not be pleased.

Renting a cart or buying two horses, I faced a difficult decision.

From the price standpoint, there wasn't that big of a decision, the problem is that if I bought horses, I could not reveal my wonderful artistic skills in making

carts.

Think about it, if I sat on the beautiful and handsome horse and went to see that old woman.....

It would seem like a prince going to receive a princess.

Upon thinking this, my stomach felt bad.

As expected, I'll be renting a cart.

Be that as it may, this is my first time picking a horse.

"Zhai He, can it be possible that you're not good at this?" As I stared at the different horses for the carts, when life was not clear and I couldn't tell high from low and up from down, a gentle and warm female voice came from behind me.

It was warm and gentle, but I couldn't perceive the situation that was coming, so it was actually really scary.

I mechanically turned my head.

The flower shop owner with a small smile, Ya Zi.

"Aya aya, don't say that something like I'm good at everything. I am merely a simple man who can only make weapons.

I crinkled my eyes to smile when speaking.

"Where, where? I still believe that even when it come to stallions you'll definitely comprehend it."

下一秒，我们两个双手十指相扣，做出摔跤队员一般的架势。

The next second, our two pairs of hands were locked together, all ten fingers, in a position like wrestling team members.

"What are you saying, you meddlesome old woman?"

"We are both of the same age, Uncle. I heard that you also met up with our shop assistant in private? Last time I saw you, you were sick so I didn't have the lack of propriety to bring it up. Do you know what you're doing?"

"Ah? What do you think you're doing? Li Sanai is quickly becoming just as

black-bellied as you, that smile clearly came from the same mold.”

“Hmph! I’m just teaching her how to respond towards sexual harassment from middle-aged uncles, that’s all.”

Like so, we remained in a deadlock for a period of time.

“This time I’ll spare you. Do you want to go? This time, I will help you. If you’re thinking about going on a long journey, this is the best cart to buy.”

She said this to me.

I followed the direction of her pointing finger, immediately I thought of a scene from a travel.

An ancient road, the west wind, a skinny horse.

“Those two horses look really weak.....you wouldn’t be cheating me?”

“Don’t just see that it’s thinner than other horses; it’s endurance is very good.”

“Aya, sorry. I didn’t think that you understood that much about horses. Could it be.....that’s a good mouth?”

Ya Zi used the smile of an angel to look at me:

“Just die.”

After I settled the account, I suddenly saw Ka Luona.

“Ka Luona?”

“Master!”

It’s fine if she calls me master, but if she says that in front of Ya Zi, I can’t defend against the taunting.

And the saying has come true.

Although Ya Zi’s smile had not faded a little, I could already sense her taunting aura.

Earlier, when Li Sanai resigned from the store, Ya Zi, that woman, was an evil demon.

“The evil backstage manipulator always has done this to their cute junior.”



Ka Luona looked at Ya Zi without understanding.

“You are.....Big Sister Ya Zi from the flower shop. I am the investigation official, Ka Luona.”

Ya Zi suddenly grabbed onto my arm.

What is this woman doing.

Uncle, it's because her chest touching me that's making me nervous!

“Hello, Miss Ka Luona. I am an ex-wife who was played around by Uncle before being discarded!”

Puuuuuah!!!

# Chapter 15: The Uncle and the Travel Preparations (part 2)

Translator: lovelyxday

Editor: rairai

## The Uncle and the Travel Preparations (part 2)

Before preparations for today, I thought over the definition of my role according to the rules.

Just as I said, I already was traveling merchant Zhai He. I was temporarily unaffiliated with anything to do with the weapons shop.

The villager role in the past that had given me some measure of comfort was no more. I sunk into the fear of the definition of my role.

Ah, to know thyself!

This saying didn't pass any knowledge of myself to me, therefore I still had to think it over myself.

This time, I came to a direct verdict.

I was a travelling salesman.

It may seem that this is only an occupation, but if you played games you would understand. They played many different roles, such as a grocer or arms merchant. Occasionally, they would impersonate mysterious businessmen. They sold things of high quality and good price.

With this thought: as a hero undergoes death trials, their equipment and weapons become damaged severely. Suddenly, I would coincidentally be there to lend a helping hand. I would talk to the hero and get to know them, and since I became a passerby, I would also be able to earn some money, how could it not be great?

Therefore, although mobile businessman is another kind of role, it is a very important role without equal.

Several days before, I knitted a hat for Elan.

When her old hat tore, I knitted another one for her. Taking in account that Ka Luona was travelling with us, Little Elan couldn't just take off her hat willy-nilly.

I asked her what sort of style she liked.

"Style, I liked the old one. If you can, I think I would want a design on the hat."

Afterwards, I embroidered a cute pattern of Elan and Little Hairball next to each other.

I was so tired. Really, an uncle like myself actually was like a maiden and hunched over the countertop with a needle and thread embroidering. I especially did not want to admit that I actually found it interesting. Don't tell me I have the heart of a maiden?

Don't mean to brag, but perhaps much later, my delicate and refined work will be unearthed as an artist's and then displayed in a museum. Even right now they could be sold for a pretty good price, probably.

Elan loved her hat so much she couldn't bear to part with it. Someone secretly nabbed the leftover thread and fiddled with it. I turned a blind eye and pretended not to see. At the end, yesterday she suddenly brought that hat to me for me to see, only I saw that there was a person next to Little Hairball and Elan. Although the drawing style was more abstract than Ka Luona's drawing, I still was able to make out that the strangely shaped person was me. It was actually simple, the only person she could have embroidered was me. If not, I was going to have to cut someone.

"The embroidery is really ugly."

"Not at all, I really like it."

I softly rubbed her head.

Okay, I still have things I need to do for today.

Choosing a tent.

When we're outside, we have to think about camping.

It may seem as if it is not a big problem, but in reality there is a secret. If I were

to sleep in the same tent as Elan, Ka Luona would sleep alone. She definitely would use the “girls sleep together” reason to fight over Little Elan. But it it’s like that, the fact that Little Elan is a demon would be exposed. Therefore, I definitely had to think of every possible way to convince Ka Luona, and come up with a perfect strategy.

This kind of thing is not hard for me. I thought up 42 battle plans, with all the different possible answers Ka Luona could give. In short, I needed to make her understand that Little Elan had to stay with me. Of course, I also made a variety of preparations, such as letting Little Elan sleep alone while I stood guard outside.

“Does Master want to buy two tents?”

“Yes.”

“I have an idea. So that we can arrive earlier, we can just sleep inside the cart, and master and I can take turns driving the cart.”

“.....”

An enigmatic silence fell.

“*En!* That’s not a bad idea, very commendable.”

Why is it like this!! My 42 battle plans were completely useless!

I cannot allow Ka Luona to see it, but my heart had completely collapsed.

I bought three sleeping bags. If we use these, even the head is covered completely, therefore there was no need to worry about exposing Elan’s horns at all.

Afterwards, I only needed to focus all of my heart and soul on making the best sword I could.

If I went to pay a visit to the principal, I needed to show my sincerity. To make a sword that could display my skills, so that she could point out my deficiencies. I will go and study techniques. The opposite party is someone who is stronger than me by an unknown amount of levels, which I will have to always keep in mind.

A good sword, in addition to the initial process, needs to be forged repeatedly.

Therefore, it's not an item that can be completed in one go. Once you get really into it, you can feel the slight imperfections in the sword. In short, no matter how much you perform maintenance on it, you cannot say that this sword is representative of my highest level of work.

Additionally, as a man who makes weapons with an eye capable of seeing both the good and bad points in the weapon, I was surprised to see that the silver sword was made in one go, without any additional modifications.

Considering this point, I abandoned my original idea.

In one breath, I will forge a tachi which will be completed after a little rest. I remembered that the first weapon I made was also a tachi.

In the basement, I gripped a black backed changdao (single-sided sword). I could clearly sense my two years of progress. Equipped with perfectly running mid-level magic, the magic was also smoothly running through the original skeleton. Considering that the tachi had brittle properties, it was also a considerable degree higher in terms of reinforcement.

To say it frankly, this reflects my true level. Once completed, it would represent my limitations in the sword making process.

However, only I understood that I have no self-confidence in using this sword to face off against Ka Luona's certain kill technique.

Next is to handle the rest of the formalities, then say goodbye to the people of the village.

Goodbye, weapon shop.

Wait for me to get stronger, I will return.

Afterwards, I will make the world's greatest sword.

# Chapter 16: The Uncle and Commemorating the Forgotten

Translated by lovelyxday

Edited by rairai

## Chapter 16: The Uncle and Commemorating the Forgotten

The dark blue sky, awash with jade green.

The red sun was up high, and occasionally an eagle would circle in the distance.

We had been sent off at the village entrance by the villagers. Li Sanai stood on tiptoes and waved her arm vigorously at me.

The air was refreshing as it entered my lungs. Such freshness could be addicting.

The cart's yellow wood handrail were fraught with patina from over the years. The seat was simple and unadorned and was slightly chilly. The horse's hooves went *dada* (clippity-clop), and the body of the cart was jolted. A faint breeze whistled past my ears. Evergreen trees lined both sides, verdant and lush, while birds would warble from time to time. The yellow dirt (t/n: brick lol) road was wound like a snake, headed to another world.

Ah! This is the feeling of travel!

It seemed as if I was filled with fresh blood all over.

Little Elan looked curiously all around, eyes bright and sparkling with delight.

O, Little Elan. Although I understand that this is your happiness from travelling outside for the first time, please look at me. As the older uncle, I already know very well how to be reserved. Even if it's the first time travelling, your expression is way too exaggerated. Maturity, you must become mature!

"Big Brother He, look at this pretty bird!"

"Where, where??"

O o, it's definitely very beautiful. I was thinking.....is that a beautiful feather?

It's the first time I've seen such a thing, really is extremely beautiful.....Keke, I'm not excited at all. Travel is cultivation, it's cultivation.

"Big Brother He, look at this lizard. It's eating a Hard-Shelled beetle!"

"Where, where??"

Waaa, it really is. Such a hard beetle was swallowed down by a long tongue. Could it really be digested? However, in the books it is recorded, the Decay Poison Lizard should have super strong gastric fluid. It can corrode steel, so it wasn't surprising at all. Damnit, I want to grab one! To a blacksmith, that gastric fluid is quite the treasure.

Keke, but I am travelling!

*Ei*, come to think of it, how did Little Elan know that this beetle was called a Hard-shelled Beetle?

Wait, if I think carefully, since I had been incarnated I spent the past two years entirely inside the village. To purchase things, travelling merchants would come directly to the store to sell, and customers also directly came to the store.

But Little Elan came alone on a long and difficult trek from the Demon Race . That said, this isn't the first time Little Elan has travelled.

Looking at Ka Luona's appearance, she was definitely regularly on the move.

That said, then the only person who hasn't left the village is me? I am the only one who squatted at home?

I've been hit.

However, the length of time I've lived in this word is less than Ka Luona and Elan. I've only spent two years, just an infantile uncle. Normally, reincarnated people are reincarnated into babies' bodies, and I've been reincarnated into someone who has not long till death.

Two years ago, I woke up in a forest near the village. By my side were some scattered weapons. I assumed the name Zhai He, went to the Newbie Village and opened a Weapons Shop. I didn't leave the village not because I didn't want to go out, but rather because I couldn't go out. By chance, none of the people of the village recognized me, but if I went to another place, I might meet up with

some acquaintances of the original body.

I did not have any of this body's owner's former memories, therefore I didn't want to stir up anymore trouble.

I also specially bought a cloak in order to deal with outsiders.

"Ka Luona, where are we going next?"

Right now, Ka Luona who was driving the cart perked up and pointed with her whip to the distance.

"We've just left and have adequate supplies. In approximately two days, we will reach Duofa Village to replenish."

Because I'm travelling with the guise of a travelling merchant, when I left I brought along with me five of my self-made swords and bought some of the village's produce and a pot of Miss Yazi's flowers. Swords obviously don't have expiration dates, and the flowers have not yet reached the flowering season, but the produce won't be fresh anymore in two days.

I consulted with Ka Luona. If I wanted to choose a place to sell, my only option was Milante Village, which was approximately a day away.

"Isn't there a shortcut?"

"There is. If we take the shortcut, Duofa would only be a day away. But I heard that there are mountain bandits and wild beasts."

"That's better."

I said that I wanted to Ka Luona to get some real battle experience, why not let her undergo some suitable danger.

Continuously fighting to raise experience is the best way. Only by fighting in real battles can you realize your deficiencies.

"But if we go on that route, you cannot move forward at night and must rest."

This I understood. If a horde of wild beasts surprise attacked the horses, it would be easy for the coachmen to be in dire circumstances.

"So we'll just sleep then. Although we don't have tents, we have a bonfire and sleeping bags. If I take the night watch there won't be any big problem."



Ka Luona looked at me from the corner of her eye.

“But, master, if it’s a wolf pack, they can reach up to twenty in number. If it’s one person.....”

I looked at Little Elan, who was staring at a butterfly in a trance.

“It’s fine. If there’s an urgent situation I will call for you.”

Ka Luona seemed to be a bit unhappy, she turned her head around.

“Liar. If master’s that strong, then it definitely would not be a problem.”

Ka Luona didn’t know that my strength is not entirely my own strength. I’ll admit that that experience is a very important aspect, but this body was already super awesome when I inherited it. Musculature, mobility, observation power, and willpower were all remarkable. Why a person like this would die in an unnamed forest is beyond me.

But the only thing I could decide is, that I did not regard myself as a carefree person. If this body’s old owner had any debts of gratitude or grudges, I would do my utmost to see them to the end. Although, I right now didn’t know what the original person was called.

But right now, I just didn’t care what that guy had been doing.

My name is Zhai He, once a weapons shop uncle, now a travelling merchant.

# Chapter 17: The Uncle and the Night in the Thicket

Translated by lovelyxday

Edited by rairai

## Chapter 17: The Uncle and the Night in the Thicket

The bonfire made crackling noises. I tossed some dried-up tree branches onto the fire.

In this season, gathering enough fuel is not a problem at all. Especially in a place like this with no people, the ground is littered liberally with dried sticks and withered leaves. You actually have to clear a .buffer zone to prevent large fires.

I tied up the horse to a large tree nearby. I arranged a few traps in the surrounding area, in order to alert me of danger if I got drowsy. This forest was exactly as Ka Luona had described – it definitely cannot be said to be a safe place.

When I was about to close my eyes, I could perceive something coming from various places in my line of sight. Although they were yet far off, I could still frequently sense a quite dangerous presence. It wasn't a person, but something else.

The unknown is the scariest foe. Even for me, I couldn't see what was not penetrated by the light of the fire, the deep black of the forest. All I could do was increase my alertness.

Ka Luona, Little Elan, and Little Hairball – two people and one donkey – nervously stayed close to each other. The two people wrapped up in their sleeping bags looked like two pieces of long white bread. Little Hairball was curled up on its fur legs, occasionally its flexible ears flapped. I didn't know whether it was asleep or awake, but it was probably because animals had the ability to stay alert while dreaming.

Little Elan still smiled dim-wittedly when she was asleep, occasionally calling out my name.

Ka Luona lost the carefulness to her words and expression, looking just like an ordinary girl.

As the only male of our troops, I was the one to be going on the night attack like poking Ka Luona's pink cheeks. But I am not young anymore, and have no interest in such a thing. Moreover, Ka Luona would definitely get mad.

I used a handkerchief to gently wipe away the spit coming out from the corner of Little Elan's mouth. I guess she is probably having a good dream.

*"Eiheihei, curry rice, I can't eat anymore....."*

In fact, there's no need to guess.

*"Big Brother He....."*

I leaned across the sleeping bag to rub Elan's hand, and she immediately smiled.

*"Nothing is wrong. I will protect you."*

I stood up.

It was just as Ka Luona had said. 23 wolves had silently crept closer, as well as 3 elite wolves and one wolf king, hiding its presence. In total, there were 27, already within one hundred metres.

It wasn't that I didn't sense that they were getting closer. From the beginning, I knew they weren't the kind of opponents to negotiate with. Since battle was unavoidable, there was no point in being alert while they were over a hundred meters away.

I snapped my fingers in front of Ka Luona, and she opened her eyes. She was at a loss for a moment, but immediately turned solemn.

She speedily extricated herself from the sleeping bag. While we're at it, I should mention her sleeping shirt and pants were blue with white polka dots, with the sort of thickness to homewear.

*"Can you sense the aura?"*

*"En, there are twenty-six."*

So it's like this, you can't sense the wolf king's presence? Indeed, it is quite the

cunning guy.

In this world, the most important thing was intelligence. Incorrect intelligence will often create results that were unanticipated. I needed her to understand this point.

Being unable to sense the wolf king is a problem of strength, and also a problem of not having experience. The wolf pack must have a wolf with the strength of the wolf king. Even if you couldn't sense it, you should be aware that there is something stronger based on the condition of the rest of the pack, and then infer that there is at least one wolf you couldn't sense.

"Although wolves are very cunning, even if they recognize a difference in strength they will not cower. You need to kill at least half of their number before they will run away. Go and protect the horses and leave the rest to me. This is a defensive battle, so don't stray too far from your targets."

I spoke simply.

"Understood!"

When Ka Luona had drawn close to the horses, a brown wolf had already impatiently charged out from the undergrowth.

Similar to the role of the outpost, the first wolf was meant to intimidate the opponent.

"Huaah!!"

——Pushaa!!

A fist pulverized the wolf's skull. A ring of energy surged out, and the wolf hit the ground heavily.

Little Hairball opened both its eyes, vigilantly looking all around.

"It's all right, Little Hairball. You and Elan must stay close to me, and don't leave the fire."

"Huheng!"

I coolly swept my gaze over the other wolves hiding in the forest.

Although there was some franticness in the wolf pack, they did not shrink

back.

Good, come and get me.

This time, three wolves simultaneously attacked from different angles, from the right and left and from behind. As before, it was still ordinary wolves.

I hit the the wolf behind me back to the thicket, and the same time, used the momentum to let the wolves coming from the left and right to hit empty air. In the next attack, the two wolves came rushing from the front to attack, following the path to their doom.

Believing that I would have no time to respond, they simply attack, trying to find the shortest path. Fast-paced attack strategy, this kind of level was just too easy to guess.

Using one leg to kick them is the fastest choice, but those two weren't the only ones eyeing me.

Thus, I used a no-mercy straight punch to pound their faces.

Four wolves rushed at me from behind, among them an elite wolf.

As such, this was a good opportunity to show off the difference in our strength. I might accidentally make the wolves born in the forest go extinct. If they could, I still hope that they will retreat on their own.

Thus, I simply relied on speed to kick all of them back.

In the approximately two seconds, where their rush forward frightened the tear-filled Little Hairball and Elan, I already kicked four times. Only the elite wolf dodged critical damage to its internal organs. The others will probably not live.

I stamped on the elite wolf twitching on the ground, and emitted killing intent to the wolves in the forest.

The wolves in the thicket immediately retreated. I raised the wolf underneath my feet and kicked it back into the forest. Although black wolf fur is not bad for defense, I am a weapons salesman, keeping nothing useless.

Ka Luona walked unsteadily towards me. In contrast to me who had not even a hair out of place, Ka Luona cut a sorry figure. It would be better to say that she was very miserable. Her sleep clothes were torn in many places, exposing her

alluring white skin. Her left arm and right leg bore wolf bites, bleeding not just a little. Luckily, the wound did not reach bone.

For the first time I've let Ka Luona face an opponent on her own, I was actually somewhat cruel. But this is what she needs to experience. Since she called me master, I needed to do this.

"Four killed, the rest repelled!"

"You didn't do too bad. But it still does not meet the standards."

"Ei?" Ka Luona put on a surprised expression.

A single-eyed wolf noiselessly rose high into the air, rushing at Ka Luona like a demon.

It was the wolf king, unwilling to abandon the last fight.

Until the wolf king was almost within reach, Ka Luona was unaware of it. Her eyes flashed with dismay, all thoughts of fighting forgotten.

That bloody mouth, open wide like a sacrificial bowl, headed for Ka Luona's snow white neck.. Two sharp rows of teeth encased a rough tongue.

Heng.

You brutish piece of trash. Who do you think I am.

After weighing the pros and cons, you decided to attack Ka Luona? Even if you were to succeed, there's no way I would let you go.

Moreover, I've been waiting for you for a long time.

——Ka!!!

This distance is nothing much to me. I am a weapons shop uncle.

I pinched the wolf king's neck, its inertia making it swing back and forth like a pendulum in Ka Luona's direction.

Even its claws will not touch a person in front of me. I will send you back.

Using the strength stored in my right arm, I first stamped on the ground and then used brute force to throw it away.

——Hongpa!!

The wolf king flew away, hitting a tree trunk.

Getting up with great difficulty, it sped away in retreat.

Maa, it is quite strong.

The firelight twinkled. I looked back at Ka Luona whose face was filled with sweat.

“As I said, not up to standard.”

# Chapter 18: The Uncle and the Curse (part 1)

translator: lovelyxday

editor: rairai

## Chapter 18: The Uncle and the Curse (part 1)

Yesterday, I skinned the dead wolves on my own. Ka Luona had used her sword to kill four of the wolves, so those had poor skin quality. On the contrary, the quality of the wolves I killed were not bad. Right now, I was a merchant, and used the lens of a merchant to look at problems. Taking risks must have returns, and if something's free it would be a waste not to take it.

Ka Luona had lost all of her strength at the wolf king's final attack. After the attack, she was still immersed in fear from her brush with death. I understood how she was feeling. Although, from my point of view, I found that everything to be within expectation, but speaking of her she definitely suffered some psychological trauma.

The workload for one person to skin the wolves was very large. Moreover, I still had to give Ka Luona medicine.

When I brought up that I was going to treat Ka Luona's wound, she looked at me with her spiritless eyes. Afterwards, she slowly unfastened her buttons and shrugged off her sleep clothes. The pajama neck slid down to the elbow position, baring her fragrant shoulder and.....

En, that's more than enough.

Moreover, it seems she wasn't wearing——

That's not right! I am not the kind of person who can't endure attraction!

The other party is also a child! Mind without distracting thoughts, mind without distracting thoughts.

Finally, before I could see anything, I bet on my pride, my speed, to circle around to behind her.

Wu, the snow white back was rich with an alluring power.



Her back was smooth as the highest quality jade. If use a finger to lightly poke her back, I could feel the characteristic suppleness and elasticity of a girl's skin. Even though it reeked of blood, I could clearly identify a good-smelling scent.

I slapped myself on the face. I finally calmed down enough to apply ointment to her wound.

“How does it feel? Does it hurt?”

Eek! I said such shameless things!

My self-made ointment, has hemostatic and poison neutralizing effects. It's possibly more useful than healing magic, but it also hurts.

However, Ka Luona only blankly buttoned up her buttons, her whole body shivering as she got into her sleeping bag.

Ai, if only she wouldn't have any nightmares.

I put the wolf skins above the fire to dry and sat still until daybreak.

The original plan was for me to lie in the cart and sleep during the daytime today, but first thing in the morning, I found that Ka Luona still hadn't felt any better, so I took responsibility for driving the horses. An extra night wasn't that big of a deal for me. I wasn't resentful at all.

“Big brother He, Ka Luona, is she alright?”

When the morning came, Little Elan discovered Ka Luona's strangeness. Indeed, a person who is still wrapped in their sleeping bag, shivering with cold, is definitely not normal.

“It's fine, it's fine.”

Having said this, I paid attention to what's ahead.

Ever since we had entered this area, I have felt something different in the air.

It was kind of feeling that made people feel a faint shiver up their spine. This was not the same kind of cold as the cold of winter.

As time passed, it grew stronger, and it grew stronger still.

When I brushed against a tree, the cold feeling reached an apex. I subconscious looked at the tree, and vaguely saw a white figure. A long-haired

woman with scarlet lips smiled monstrous and malevolent, but disappeared in a wink of the eye. It wasn't at the speed where I couldn't sense it, but maybe there was nothing there from the beginning.

Since I knew that there was something there, I couldn't just not care.

Immediately, I stopped the cart.

"Sorry, Little Elan. Wait here a moment.

I stood for a long time in front of the tree, then started to dig at the earth. The nearby soil was not hard.

In just a while, I could see eerie, white bones.

The clothes had already disintegrated, and the flesh no longer remained. There was only a dry and clean skeleton.

If I hadn't been so quickly reborn into this world, this body might also already look like this.

"Big-big brother He! There's a woman there!"

I heard Little Elan scream and immediately jumped from the front, but I did not notice anything.

Don't tell me that because Little Elan is a demon, so she can see things that I can't?

Or it would be better to say that there are things that I cannot see in this world. Even if it was only a strange figure, I had to be on alert.

"Eek, I-I can't see it. Waaaaaaa!!!!!"

I heard Little Elan shriek. I didn't want to know what happened. Probably some scary thing suddenly came out right now very close by, and was at least enough to cause a scare.

Although I couldn't see it, no one can bully people from my family. I will meet whatever comes.

I swept a gaze over the bones, and discovered a necklace hanging around the spine. That is the thing of the dead.

I pulled at the necklace.

“Come out! Do you want this thing!”

“Big brother He, be care-careful!!! That guy is headed towards you!!!”

So troublesome.

All dead people, still making trouble as a ghost.

Today, I just thought about it. What I cannot see and cannot sense, what thing that does not have real body, how can it hurt me.

No matter what kind of hatred it harbors, it shouldn't take it out on innocent people. If there were like that when they were alive, then they will be like that in death.

I tossed the necklace to the side, and was immediately slammed by someone.

Ka Luona was still dressed in her pajamas, her spiritless eyes were even close to being lifeless. She looked at me, but what she was looking at wasn't me.

“B-big brother He! That long-haired women is near Big sister Ka Luona's body!”

Accompanying Little Elan's screams, Ka Luona clearly said these words:

“Wolf, killed.....I will, die.....”

The silver sword was unsheathed.

## Chapter 19: The Uncle and the Curse (part 2)

Translated by lovelyxday

Edited by rairai

### The Uncle and the Curse (part 2)

Though I couldn't see that long-haired woman, after just a few rounds, I could guess her intentions.

Use Ka Luona to kill all of us, and then kill herself, so we all will be buried with her.

Right now, the one I was fighting with wasn't Ka Luona, but something else.

Moreover, she wasn't just ordinarily strong.

Each of Ka Luona's stats, as the number one of her school, (outside of real battle experience), were extraordinary. What gave me a headache was that the specter possessing her body had quite a bit of battle experience.

In the current confrontation, I, who did not sleep for a night, lacked the advantage. I also did not carry any weapons. Ka Luona, who held the silver sword, was quite swift and fierce on the offensive. Although her movement speed wasn't quick, every time she swung her sword she left an afterimage. I was seeing countless swords. I could still concretely tell where she was going to thrust from the movements of her arm. However, this much was my limit.

If it was the possessed Ka Luona, she could definitely have killed the wolf king in an instant last night.

However, as I have said before, defeating an opponent does not solely rely on strength and experience. In the face of being evenly matched with my opponent, I needed to think of other ideas.

At the moment, Ka Luona did not know about my circumstances. By dodging, I could switch our physical positions without problem. At the moment, Little Elan and Little Hairball were behind me. So she couldn't sneak attack them. If she planned to use Ka Luona's body to commit suicide, I also had the confidence to

stop it. In other words, the opponent did not hold any of my weak points.

But I held two magic weapons in my hands.

The first was the necklace on the ground. I don't know why but the specter placed a lot of importance on it.

The second, I have a way to defeat the enemy. But if possible, I still hope for the peaceful resolution.

Who this chick was, why she died here, and why she still clung to this patch of dirt, I really wanted to know.

But regretfully, despite me making the signal for negotiation, this chick still planned to kill me.

Up to now, disagreeable, violent people or animals, would see the difference in our strength before they could listen to my words. I guessed this would work on this spirit.

Even if it didn't, I would only have to threaten the necklace, then she and Little Elan could talk.

Thus, I needed to verify with her, who was stronger between me and hers and Ka Luona's combined strength.

This is the first time I didn't use just my body's strength; rather, I gathered magic power in my eyes.

After coming to this world, I did not learn any knowledge of magic. Thus, besides my maintained skill "All things cast", I did not know how to use any magic. But I understood the basics of magic knowledge, thus I could use pure magic to disassemble my opponent's' moves.

Afterwards, I remembered simple strengthening magic. This was done by gathering magic in the part to strengthen. Like Ka Luona's godspeed, I reckoned it was just wrapping magic around the body.

This was the first time I would be trying this, because there was never a need for it before.

Of course, more specific magic could not just be done by gathering magic power, therefore I could only say that this idea is the first step of magic, and

couldn't be formed into magic. The results of the strengthening is far weaker than proper magic by several levels.

But for me, this was enough.

Too slow.

Everything was too slow.

As if in slow motion, Ka Luona's movements were full of holes. Using speed to cover up for these deficiencies, a forcefully applied battle style. To speak plainly, she was not familiar with the recently possessed body.

Just by looking I could discover, that there was a unwell feeling.

Either in body and mind, there must be some kind of lag. With the specter's experience level, she would definitely weaken the godspeed to gain more stable control. It's like when you play a game and the strong opponents two-times speed returns to normal, very conveniently.

It would be hard to just rely on physical ability to catch her, but by using magic it has become super easy.

Magic is really a convenient thing.

While thinking this, I feel ashamed, because using magic to momentarily strengthen myself always feels like I'm not using my true strength to fight.

But care of this good fortune, the battle has become much easier.

Easier to take advantage of the holes in her defense. My fist struck Ka Luona's face.

I didn't want to do this, but — —

"Open your eyes and look at me!! The wolf is no longer here!! Being scared because of this, you should be ashamed to call yourself the number one!!"

I did not use my full strength. After all, leaving a scar on that beautiful face would be bad.

But still, it was to the degree that Ka Luona knelt on the ground, her nose bleed dripping onto the floor. There was also an injury on the corner of her mouth. Ka Luona looked at me, and suddenly started bawling.

While crying she vomited violently, her stomach was overturning seas and rivers.

After this, it should be good.

“Little Elan! Is the specter still by Ka Luona? Little E—”

Although I dodged with all my ability, the short sword still was stuck in my thigh, only the silver handle sticking out. Though you couldn't see the color of blood on black plants, they were very quickly soaked through.

“Che, you bastard.”

Really such a bothersome person. I didn't think that she would possess Little Elan when I turned my eyes away for just a moment. To actually use such a method....

I cannot panic. Even if there was a moment in which my body was snatched away, I cannot bear to think about the aftermath.

“One after the other is still not enough. What the hell do you want?”

This time, she finally used Little Elan's body to give an answer:

“I want, a friend.”

I pulled out the sword stuck in my thigh. Blood immediately bubbled out.

“What friends, you only want other people to be buried with you. Go back to hell and stay there.”